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Literature

Lowell's "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses"*

THE VOICE that speaks from 'behind the hills of death' always speaks with a pathos and power that the living voice has not, just as miracles of beauty and art reveal their full loveliness only when they are embalmed in a language we call 'dead.' A more generous phraseology christens such words of beauty 'classics' or 'classical,' and thus we give to the silent voice a more eloquent description than ever the articulate one could have had. It may be said of Lowell, however, as of Hugo, Hawthorne or Goethe, that he was a classic before he died: the spirit of Westminster Abbey brooded over all he said; his works were already immortal and to be placed among those for whom a niche is reserved in that great literary Louvre where properly only the works of the dead are lifted up on high. A man of his genius living seventy years is bound by the very laws of his being to produce masterpieces that will not pass or perish, and he often has the unspeakable pleasure of witnessing the posthumous admiration of his contemporaries in this contemporary sort of way. Lowell was an enormous worker in his own peculiar idle-industrious fashion—a busy idler whose very idleness was business, a reader indefatigable and omnivorous who did not simply cling aphid-like to other people's work and draw in their succulencies for his own mental nutrition, but gave out, reproduced, recoinced into glittering newness the dingy coins of others, always stamping them with an image and superscription Lowellesque to the last degree and making them as distinct as the coins of the emperors. Henceforth they could not pass current for anybody else's, nor could they be counterfeited.

So far Lowell is our representative scholar—the example of what America has to show in the department of accomplished erudition tipped with the Mercury-wings of a style at once light and rich, graceful and learned, imaginative and humorous. Whatever went into him came out transformed, sparkling, individual, wrought over by many processes of cunning intellectual alchemy. Emerson is our Orpheus, with lyre and ecstasy: Longfellow is our poet; we have had sibyls and seers and enchanters; but Lowell is the man-of-letters who stands pre-eminently to-day as the highest type of American accomplishment in the field of general culture, a 'citizen of the world,' like his Athenian master, quite ambidextrous in his rounded gifts, as ready to lecture at Harvard as to captivate the Court of St. James—a man to whom many books have been dedicated and who wrote many. Even as he goes to his grave he leaves a trail of light behind him in these 'Latest Literary Essays,' and it takes no spectroscopic to analyze it into the many rich rays of which it is composed. Among Lowell's admirations were the poet Gray and that leonine egotist Walter Savage Landor. His last volume devotes many pages to them—pages of subtle analysis and fine discrimination inwrought with those arabesques of learning and delightful quotation with which he ornamented all his writings. The essayist's memory had

an alarm-bell in it which perpetually reminded him of what he had read and sprinkled his paragraphs with felicitous sayings of celebrated men bearing on the subject in hand. These allusions are almost too crowded and sometimes bewilder the unlearned reader. A fascinating study angles in true essayist style with that captivating old 'fish' Izaak Walton, loitering by the way, soliloquizing, caressing or bantering with the subject in a manner whose leisureliness seems now gone entirely out of fashion—the style of the eighteenth century. The admirable address on 'The Study of Modern Languages' deserves to come just where it does—before the concluding essay on 'The Progress of the World.' Lowell was a master of these tongues and revelled in them, though he never overlooked their essential rooting in Latin and Greek, nor his own indebtedness to those ancient soils. Many rare essences were compounded in the ethereal oils that went to make up his genius, and among them Vergil and Sophocles must no more be left out than Chaucer or Montaigne.

Prof. Norton gathers these essays and addresses from various sources and sanctuaries, such as editions of Walton and Gray and introductions to popular works, incorporating them with the charming series of Lowell's Works to which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have accustomed the public.

"The Women of Turkey"*

PLATO LONG AGO SAID—and Cicero repeated the thought after him in his elegant Latinity—that women are the true conservators of pure speech and uncorrupted antiquity. Consequently a study of woman as she moves in society in Eastern or other nations must reveal to the seeker after ancient facts and customs a store of knowledge which these human reservoirs alone have garnered up,—idioms and peculiarities of the house and home, religious observances, marriage ceremonies, lore of fairies, and learning of the forefathers. Women are great sticklers for tradition: what has been must needs be now: the wisdom of the fathers is in the keeping of the mothers. We say *father-land* but *mother-tongue*; and what we learn at our mother's knee is more lasting, more penetrating, more likely to mould character and destiny than all other knowledge in the world.

In studying a complex nationality like Turkey, so interesting ethnographically, a veritable checker-board of contending races, it is of the first importance, therefore, to go straight to the women, the fountain-head of the social system of the East; and if the investigator is an intelligent and scientifically educated woman, whose sex allows her to slip behind the harem curtains and lift the veil from its shrouded and huddled life, the results are apt to be all the more remarkable. All these conditions Miss Garnett appears to fulfill faithfully. She has not lived eight years in the Balkans for nothing, or been a mere idle observer of the types and races there abounding. Guided by an intelligent interest in her temporary neighbors at Salonica, Smyrna, Constantinople, Adrianople, and the mountain villages she has visited, she has passed freely in and out among them, questioning, noting down, taking part in their nuptial and other ceremonies, conversing abundantly with Turk and Armenian, with Vlack and Greek, with Jew and Slav, and filling her note-books with striking jottings which now fill two stately octavos, edited and introduced by so accomplished a folk-lorist as Mr. Stuart-Glennie. The book follows somewhat in the line of the volume on Turkish life published a few years ago by a 'Consul's Daughter,' a book remarkable for its insight into Oriental Osmanli domestic conditions. Ever since Byron wrote his musical 'Giaour' and 'Lara' and 'Bride of Abydos,' and even before, Turkey has been the literary rage. Lamartine and Gérard de Nerval wrote entrancing travels in the Turkish East; von Hammer composed and collected a delightful book on Turkish poetry and literature; Sir Edward Creasy wrote the history of the

* Latest Literary Essays and Addresses. By James Russell Lowell. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Women of Turkey and their Folk-Lore. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Introduction, etc., by J. S. Stuart-Glennie. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.

Ottoman Turks; and a daring Frenchman penetrated into the Grand Seraglio at the Golden Horn and revealed its Arabian-Nights-like splendor and horror. No one, however, before Miss Garnett, so far as we know, has set out to study systematically the twelve or thirteen races comprising the Sultan's European and Asiatic dominions. She begins with the mountain Vlachs who cling to the slopes of Pindus and lead a curious nomad life; passes next to the Greek women, their occupations and family ceremonies, beliefs and superstitions, folk-poetry and nereid-lore; and then takes up the strange Armenian race and their cults. Four chapters are devoted to the Bulgarian feminine population, and one to the miscellaneous conglomerate called 'Frank Women.' With these Vol. I. concludes, comprehending as it does all the types of Christian women found in Turkey.

Vol. II. takes up the romantic tale of the Moslem and Circassian, the Jewish, Kurdish, Albanian, Tartar, and Gypsy women, tracing out the racial and mental peculiarities of each group, giving translations of their folk-poems and proverbs, describing their amusements, dress, feasts, and fasts, and affording much instruction and entertainment in the exhaustive discussions connected with all these topics. The Greek women of the Phanariot aristocracy of Turkey are highly accomplished and very charitable. Miss Garnett mentions one of them who translated Byron's 'Giavours' into modern Greek, and says that many of these brilliant remnants of the old Byzantine noblesse are as familiar with Pindar and Homer in the original—which they pronounce with a peculiarly musical accent,—as they are with the vernacular. Her last chapter is devoted to Osmanli poetesses, gifted Moslem women who have delighted in the complicated metres of Ottoman poetry, such as the favorite chronogram, the hexastich, the epigram, and the miscellany call *Divân*.

Mr. Stuart-Glennie's lucid preface is full of information on the race-distribution of Turkey. He notes the curious fact that through constant intermarriage with Circassians, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and other Indo-European races, the ruling class in Turkey is really Aryan and hardly 'Turanian' at all.

Barrie's "Window in Thrums" and "Auld Licht Idylls"*

MR. J. M. BARRIE has written other books since 'A Window in Thrums' (1) was published, and the fine quality of his work has brought him appreciation and fame, but we hope it is not too late to add our word of praise. With a humor as dry and delicate and kindly as Dr. John Brown's, and with as great a freedom from taint of sentimentality, this little book of sketches of Scotch life more than once reminds us of the writings of the Edinburgh physician by its broad humanity and insight into the nobility of simple and humbly situated characters. Many readers, perhaps, will be impatient of the broad Scotch dialect in which Mr. Barrie has recorded these scenes of village life, but after he has once entered that little thatched cottage at the top of the brae and seen Jess seated in her invalid's chair by the foot-square window, and Leeby sweeping the hearth and Hendry weaving for dear life, he will know that their annals could be told only in the quaint, primitive language which they used. Perhaps of all the things that sweet untarnished Jess sees from her window, or tells of the traditions of Thrums, he will agree with us in being most touched by the narrative of Jamie, the native author, who wrote and printed a poem called the 'Millenium: An Epic Poem in Twelve Books,' and then had to bear the ignominy of not being considered a correct speller, because not having enough small *e*'s, he was often, after having tried to substitute a word which contained no *e*, obliged to use a little *a* or *o*, in 'setting up' his book.

It is a delight to hear again of Thrums, and Mr. Barrie in 'Auld Licht Idylls' (2) has told us more of the

people of that quaint, opinionated and stiff-necked little village. But we miss Jess and Leeby, whose gentle, unsullied spirits had cast a halo of forbearance and love over the whole community as we saw it, and made even narrowness of mind and hardness of heart seem the result more of training than of intention. Indeed, if it were not for the humor of Mr. Barrie's style some of these sketches of the Auld Licht Kirk would appear but records of stupid hypocrisy; but the author's implied deprecation shows that Lang Tamm's triumph over Sandy Whamond when the latter lost the eldership had more of religious fervor than of personal gratification—and that the sin of the old minister who threw a book (which was discovered, to his horror, to be the Bible) at the head of an obdurate parishioner, was quite enough to have made his people turn from him with execrations, had the victim not been bought to silence. In this book we have more of the characteristics of the people, and learn more of their unspiritual views on birth, death and marriage, than we did in the other sketches; for there we were wont to see the world from Jess's point of vantage as she looked with tender eyes out of her little pane of glass down the brae; and if we miss something of her sweetness, we have perhaps gained in truth by this adherence to the commonplace. No satire could be less malicious and at the same time keener than that displayed in 'The Courting of T'now-head's Bell,' where one Auld Licht lad was stimulated to propose merely from the sight of his rival bent on the same errand, and, as the day for the wedding came near, grew so low in his mind at the step he had taken that he handed the lass over to the defeated suitor, who, as the day was but twenty-four hours off, had no time in which to repent.

Of the Thrums literary society we have not space to speak. It met where the 'floor had a slope which tended to fling the debater forward, and its boards lying loose on an uneven foundation rose and looked at you as you crossed the room.' Bowie the wright delivered a crushing blow at the reputation of Burns the poet. 'I am of opinion,' said Bowie, 'that the works of Burns is of immoral tendency. I have not read them myself, but such is my opinion.' And of 'Mr. Dickie,' when he argued, it is said that 'though he kept firm on his feet, he swayed his body until by and by his head was rotating in a large circle. The mathematical figure he made was a cone revolving on its apex.' And here they met fortnightly, such as dared to brave their wives' displeasure, and wrangled over Swift and Homer and Scott, and wound up their discussions very often with the question, 'Is Literature necessarily immoral?'

"From The Easy Chair"*

IS IT THIRTY or is it forty years since the Easy Chair like the Vocal Memnon has been giving out its music at the touch of contemporaneous events? It seems several generations ago, and many of us have grown up under the delicate, incisive, satiric, often brilliant melody of the talk that has streamed from this source,—'Howadji' settling down after Syrian sunshine and Egyptian reminiscences into the vivacious observer of American men and manners. This charming volume of comment and persiflage (the third in the series which includes Howells's 'Criticism and Fiction' and Warner's 'As We Were Saying') ought by all odds to have been the first, by virtue of seniority as well as of grace and interest. All these years Mr. Curtis has been a sentry on a watch-tower welcoming events as they turned up, like a pair of keen eyes hidden in the machicolations of a mediæval turret and spying out for enemy no less than for friend. The enemies are fashion, flippancy, ignorant wealth, selfishness,—veritable Spenserian monsters for this true knight to tilt with; the friends are all the great and thrilling experiences America has had since '52 or '62,—the coming of Jenny Lind, the readings of Dickens, the lectures of Emerson, the

*1. A Window in Thrums. 2. Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50 each. Cassell Pub. Co.

*From the Easy Chair. By George William Curtis. \$1. Harper & Bros.

Civil War, Wendell Phillips as an orator, a dinner with Thackeray, and the great pianists. The little essays on these and kindred topics are masterpieces in miniature, showing rare feeling and great felicity of expression. Their effect, too, in this dainty volume form is far greater than in the broad pages of *Harper's*, where they were more like delicate *hors d'œuvre* among innumerable good things set out for an eclectic taste. The reader is at liberty to begin with 'Edward Everett in 1862' and wind up with 'A Dinner in Arcadia,' all along tasting spices and appetizers and little 'made dishes' prepared especially for him. Skipping is well-nigh impossible, as much so as it would be at Titania's five o'clock tea. Perhaps future ages will look into these little Theophrastus-like essays to see how Emerson lectured in his beautiful transcendental way, how Thoreau conversed, or Thalberg played, or what Thackeray said at dinner. Memories of this sort flow on the Easy Chair so readily, so gracefully, and attain speech so spontaneous that the reader finds them among the most memorable things uttered on their particular topic; while agreeably sprinkled among them are delightful little satires on Mrs. Grundy, 'The Town,' 'Cecilia Playing,' and 'The Mannerless Sex,' such as show the sting not far from the honey. There is much very fine analysis in such pieces as the observations on Edward Everett's orations and the peculiarities of Dickens as a reader; and the Brownings come in for a little most tenderly managed dissection, very pleasant to read. Mr. Curtis's style has thrown off the sensuousness of youth for the richness of maturity: it is flushed with color, but of a deeper hue than that which ran *mænad*-like through 'Nile Notes.' Such styles turn from *mænads* into grave and beautiful caryatides supporting the architrave of a lovely temple.

Bradshaw's Editions of Gray's Poems *

DR. Bradshaw, who is the Inspector of Schools at Madras, has edited Gray's poems for the Aldine Series (1) and also for Macmillan's English Classics (2). In the preface to both books he comments on the incorrect readings in other editions, including Gosse's and Rolfe's, and takes much credit to himself for avoiding the errors of which his predecessors have been guilty. His own work, however, is far from being immaculate. He professes to follow the first collected editions of the poems, brought out under Gray's personal supervision in 1768, 'except that the spelling and the use of capitals conforms to the usage of the present day.' Yet we find such spellings as 'honied,' and such use of capitals as 'What Cat's averse to fish?' and 'Alike the Busy and the Gay.' The old-fashioned over-punctuation of the early editions is likewise retained, even in such a line as 'Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.' The bad old contractions of syllables metrically superfluous are also preserved, but not uniformly; and the two editions often vary in this respect. Thus we find *mem'ry* and *memory*, *hist'ry* and *history*, *mis'ry* and *misery*, *ling'ring* and *lingering*, *heav'nly* and *heavenly*, etc. Worse than these are 'tort'ring' and 'rapt'rous'—elsewhere *torturous* and *rapturous*. One edition has 'ev'ry watry God' (*watry* occurs more than once), the other 'every wat'ry god'; and there are many similar discrepancies in the two. We have detected no error in the readings of either edition. The only one in Rolfe's is *Nor* for *Nor* in line 36 of the 'Hymn to Adversity'; and this occurs also in Mitford, Palgrave, Gosse and Ward. Rolfe has also followed preceding editors in what appears to be an inaccurate use of quotation-marks in a passage of 'The Bard.'

Dr. Bradshaw attempts to give the various readings of the manuscripts, but in the case of the 'Elegy' at least—the only poem that we have carefully examined—he is woefully inaccurate, incomplete and inconsistent. As the reader may be aware, three copies of the poem in Gray's handwriting have been preserved: the 'original MS.,' as Brad-

shaw calls it (the 'Mason MS.' of Gosse and the 'Fraser MS.' of Rolfe), the 'Pembroke MS.' (in the possession of Pembroke College, Cambridge), and the 'Egerton MS.' (included in the Egerton Collection in the British Museum). All these have *Or* for *And* in the 8th line; but, according to Bradshaw's collation, this reading occurs only in the Egerton MS. In line 24, all have *Nor* for *Or*, but Bradshaw recognizes it only in the original MS. In several instances readings are ascribed to one manuscript that appear in two, or to two when they are in all. 'Now woful wan he drooped, as one forlorn' is given as the reading of the Original MS. The line was so written at first in this copy, but 'he drooped' is crossed out, and 'drooping' is inserted above 'woeful.' In the preceding line our editor ignores both the reading crossed out and the one written above. The Original MS. had at first 'Mutt'ring his fond Conceits he wont to rove.' Subsequently 'wayward fancies' was put above 'fond Conceits,' 'loved' was put above 'wont' and crossed out, and finally 'wont to' was deleted and 'would he' ('he would' in the later printed copy) written above. All that Bradshaw has to say about this line is that 'would he' is the reading of the Egerton and Pembroke MSS.; and this is incomplete, for, as already stated, it is in the original MS. also. 'By the heath-side and at his fav'rite tree,' Bradshaw says, is the Original reading; but in the MS. 'side' is crossed out, 'Along the' is written above 'By the,' and 'near' above 'at.'

The history and the reading of the beautiful stanza omitted after the 29th are given incorrectly by Bradshaw. He says that in the Pembroke MS. it appears as follows, with directions to 'insert' it:—

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build, and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

He does *not* state that in the original MS. it appears as an integral part of the poem, with the following variations:—'Year' written above 'Spring,' which is crossed out; 'frequent' for 'Showers of,' which is written above; and 'Robin' for 'Redbreast' (no hyphen) written above.

These are but a few out of many interesting peculiarities of the MSS., especially the original, which are either ignored or misstated by Dr. Bradshaw. They are all given by Rolfe (in his revised edition); and he, so far as we are aware, is the only editor who has described the three manuscripts fully and accurately. There are many errors and omissions in Gosse's collations, which, however, is more complete than that of his predecessors.

Aside from these textual matters, Dr. Bradshaw's editions appear to be worthy of all praise. The Aldine edition has an exhaustive bibliography filling fifteen pages. The typographical execution of both books is faultless.

"The Young Emperor" *

A FAIR and unprejudiced estimate of the character of the present Emperor of Germany has not yet been written, and indeed cannot be written until time shall have softened the asperities of some writers and toned down the unblushing hero-worship of others. Mr. Harold Frederic's book is no exception to the rule. It is inevitable that princes, however young, should become the themes upon which a certain class of writers loves to dwell. Their goings-out, their comings-in, their moods, their dress, their bearing and their policies—all these provide for the lover of gossip an endless banquet. But in Wilhelm's case there is some excuse for an interest in all that appertains to him. Called by a series of calamities to a throne the most significant, politically, in Europe, with the possible exception of Russia, and placed in the full light of European criticism, it is no wonder that even his slightest action should seem of some import. While there seems no good reason why, as has lately been done, a life should be written of the baby King of Spain, or of the tender

* 1. The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray. 75 cts. 2. Gray's Poems. Both edited by John Bradshaw. 40 cts. Macmillan & Co.

* The Young Emperor. By Harold Frederic. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Queen of Holland, there are many good reasons why estimates of character in William's case are useful and perhaps needed. Nothing could more distinctly show the tenseness of the European situation than the anxiety which is displayed all over the Continent when the young Emperor utters one of his unconsidered or momentary opinions. War seems to hover over the nations when William speaks in patriotic tones to his new recruits, peace to be assured when he addresses the Socialists. Indeed, it may be said with truth that no hereditary European ruler has been, for many years, so much the source of hope and fear. Mr Frederic's book, however, is a very inadequate study of its subject. He minimizes some things and exaggerates others, and if the reviewer be not mistaken, he has expressed in later London letters to the *New York Times*, in which journal this biography first appeared, a quite different view of the Emperor from that contained in these pages. From the nature of his work one could hardly expect that it would have been successfully performed. The book, like newspapers themselves, presents a view which to-morrow may be—and most likely will be—replaced by one entirely opposite; but it is entertaining and contains much information that is useful and welcome.

"Patrick Henry." Vol. I.*

HISTORY IS FULL of surprises. Time, which is supposed to be the destroyer of all things, seems to have a tender feeling for the historian. Positively, it seems, old Kronos keeps his tidbits for the man who comes last. Whereas, one biographer or historiographer in the early, or even contemporaneous, times mourns over the paucity of his material, the later investigator stumbles upon a whole language and literature in Assyria or India, digs up a fresh volume of Greek history, or finds a Tel-el-Amarnah even in these latest of all days. The grandson of Patrick Henry finds himself embarrassed with riches, though his grandfather's first biographer grieved that between the great fame of the man and the poverty of needed data there was a shocking disproportion. With a love of order and sequence that reveals itself on every page, with a style at once lucid, concise, and engaging, the biographer has made an offering of the first value to the splendid thesaurus of American history. His full task is to set forth the life, correspondence and speeches of this great champion of the people. The portly and handsome volume now on our table, printed from type, and the edition limited to 1100 copies, is the first of a trio.

Of that sturdy Scotch-Irish race, to which our country owes so much, Patrick Henry was born, and from it inherited that incoercible love of liberty that everywhere characterizes it. His biographer, after giving the leading facts of ancestry and boyhood's environment, draws a striking picture of the social and political conditions in Virginia, against which in high relief Henry is seen as a political protestant of the intensest sort. He, from the first, incarnated the democratic idea in Church and State. Virginia in tide water was an English aristocracy, a pale copy of the land of primogeniture, entail, State, Church, landlordism and monarchy. Virginia of the mountain was peopled by Huguenots, Germans, and Scotch, all instinct with republican notions, who were able to hew down the forests, fight the savage, and curb the royal prerogative. Patrick Henry, representing these men, was not in the House of Burgesses three days before he was on his feet, maintaining with amazing power of expression and condensation of potent argument his convictions of public duty against the united efforts of the aristocratic leaders of the body. The classic scene, in which Henry gave prophetic warning of the fate of King George III., is accurately and brilliantly retold. The facts leading to the Revolutionary War are cogently recounted, and it will be hard for the hostile critic to show that Patrick Henry was not 'the man who rang the alarm-bell which had

aroused a continent' (page 101). The author vigorously contests the claims made by their biographers for James Otis and for Samuel Adams, and denies that either of them brought on the American Revolution. For neither the Otis speech of 1761, resisting writs of assistance, nor Adams's instructions of May 24, 1764, remonstrating against the proposal to pass a stamp act and advising a united protest against it, can be set with equal justice beside the passage by the Virginia House of Burgesses of Patrick Henry's resolutions of May 29, 1765. This was the first opposition to the Stamp Act after its passage. By the popular effect of these resolutions the great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the Colonies, and the Revolutionary War was thus brought on. The biographer makes especial use of the writings of contemporaries, and shows generously and with surprising freshness what was thought of Patrick Henry by the men who knew or loved or feared him. The reputation which the great orator made in Virginia was fully sustained in the Congress in Philadelphia. His career as member of the Congress, and as Colonel of the first Virginia regiment, and as the great revolutionary war-Governor of his native State, is vividly detailed, until the year 1778, at which point the first volume comes to an end. We congratulate both author and publisher and the lovers of historical literature on this notable addition to the treasures of American prose.

"An Imperative Duty"*

IN WRITING 'An Imperative Duty' Mr. Howells has shown himself a bold man indeed. He has rushed in, not where angels, to be sure, but where men of broadest mind and noblest purpose have feared to tread. His 'Shadow of a Dream' is a distinct success as a psychologic study, worked out to a perfectly logical conclusion in the keenest and most incisive manner possible, with an analysis of some of the emotions of the human heart which in subtlety would compare favorably with any work of this kind with which we are acquainted. Mr. Howells was an acquisition in this special field of modern fiction, and to his further work in this line his admirers looked forward with pleasure. In answer to these expectations comes 'An Imperative Duty' in which the author's evident desire to take his place among the students of psychology shows itself plainly, but, to use a very common phrase, he has, in this instance, bitten off more than he can easily masticate. He has undertaken to handle the race problem in this country in one of its most peculiar phases, and his failure is probably due to his ignorance of the subject. His knowledge of the question has been derived from books, newspapers and magazines: of actual experience with it he has had none, or he would not write of it as he does.

He likes the race he has chosen to treat in this equivocal manner as the Princess Napraxine likes the wolves in Russia—in theory and at a distance. Brought into actual contact with these people, the inference is that he would dislike them cordially without the excuse of 'having injured them.' In this story it becomes an old lady's imperative duty to tell her niece, a young and beautiful girl, that she has Negro blood in her veins, that in fact her grandmother was a Negroess. Before she makes the confession she tells the story to a New England physician who is attending her at the time and asks his advice about it. He begs her to keep the matter to herself, but she feels it is only right to tell the girl as the news will, she is certain, be an important factor in a proposal of marriage that her niece has just received. The old lady dies almost immediately afterwards and leaves the girl to grapple alone with the horrors of the situation in which she finds herself. The physician, who has always been in love with her, begs her to marry him, and when she tells him who and what she is he admits that he has known it all along, and assures her that he does not care. He

* Patrick Henry: Life, Correspondence, and Speeches. By William Wirt Henry. 3 vols. Vol. I. \$4. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* An Imperative Duty. By W. D. Howells. \$2. Harper & Bros.

turns the whole thing into a joke and bursts out laughing whenever the girl tries to be serious, not because he is endeavoring to relieve her mind, but because the matter, as he looks upon it, is a joke. That he should allow nothing to come between him and the woman he loves is well enough; but the question involved is too serious a one to be treated flippantly.

Recent Fiction

MRS. BARR'S latest story, 'A Sister to Esau,' follows closely in analogy that ancient narrative of human nature. A Scotch estate has no living male heir and the possessor, wishing to keep it in the line of direct descent and still have the family represented by one of its male members, offers it to a nephew, Rodney, with the hand of whichever of his two daughters the nephew fancies. All along the father has supposed this would be the elder daughter, Scotia, and to Scotia the beautiful place by right belongs, but Bertha, the younger sister, selfish and crafty, persuades Scotia that she is in love with Rodney and will be broken-hearted if she does not marry him, and so Scotia, without a thought of self-interest, rejects Rodney's suit in favor of her sly sister, thereby forfeiting her right to the estate and contenting herself with a young Scotch clergyman. Up to this point the story is very logical, and one foresees the natural consequences of Bertha's thrift and astuteness on the society about her. But it did not please Mrs. Barr to have Scotia humiliated and handicapped through life from having given up her birth-right; so she causes to come back from the dead, apparently, the son and proper heir to the land, and from this moment the book devotes itself to adjusting rewards to those who deserve them. Scotia does not lose her Free Kirk lover, and she gets other things in generous proportion, while Bertha loses her precious Rodney who goes off in a huff. It is true she gets a man much too good for her, and also a title; but then the drawback of a residence in India compensates somewhat for such apparent good fortune, to say nothing of the disquieting memory of certain evil deeds. The story, like all of Mrs. Barr's, is told with vigor. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WELL CONSTRUCTED and written in clear, forcible English, 'Miss Maxwell's Affections,' by Richard Pryce, is no ordinary love-tale. Complexities of character there are, and a perpetration of fraud that gives occasion to the final catastrophe, when Miss Maxwell finds it impossible to decide between two lovers—one who was separated from her by her aunt's deliberate lie, and one whom she was about to marry. But the author has not taken the situation *au sérieux*, and while he has made everyone in the book dignified and delightful, and has recounted the progress of Miss Maxwell's affairs with a just and discriminating appreciation of her splendid qualities, he has managed to convey to the reader his notion that it is all a fine comedy which he is not crude enough to spoil with any bathos or sentimentality. Nevertheless one loses nothing of sympathy with Miss Maxwell by this attitude when she sees the approaching disaster and knows that her old lover has returned and on the eve of her marriage to some one else she must meet him. Nor can one but be profoundly interested in the scene that occurs when the meeting comes off—nor otherwise than disappointed to miss the scene which must have followed when Miss Maxwell told her aunt, Lady Jane. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

MANY GOOD things may be said about 'Mr. Zinzan of Bath,' a novel by Mary Deane. The book is beautifully got up, with a distinct aim to be in appearance what it is in substance—an uncommonly charming gift-book. The scene of the story is Bath during the reign of George II. and Beau Nash. We see again the rickety little old town filled with the finest and gayest mob of the time. The grand new hostelrys and casinos had not then been built, and the fine folk slept upon hard beds in poorly furnished lodgings for the benefit and pleasure to be had from residence there. The sedan-chairs and turnspit dogs who after each meal were allowed to congregate in an open common and pass canine resolutions on the labor question, the kettledrums, the drinking, the routs, the gambling, the ogling, the love-making, match-hunting and mischief-making—all are brought before us apparently as incidents of the story. Great is the astonishment of pretty country-bred Dolly at all the goings-on of the fine folk; and while at first she is scandalized, her innocent displeasure wears off when she is made to understand that these are the ways of the great world, and with all the abandonment of youth she throws herself into the vortex and promptly falls in love with the most thorough-going roué of them all. Indeed, such a quaint old-time flavor pervades the book that we can hardly persuade ourselves it was not written as long

ago as when Fanny Burney told all the wonderful sights that appeared to Evelina when she first beheld the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells and when the *beau monde* of the time of George II. rushed down to the wells to get rid of the ills of the flesh by drinking its limpid waters. 'Mr. Zinzan of Bath' first appeared some years ago in England. This edition is charmingly illustrated by some one hidden behind the initials L. D. (\$1.50. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

'A DRAUGHT OF LETHE,' by Roy Tellet, is a story full of mysteries, love and crime. It opens in one of those dead houses with which German cities are provided, where a surpassingly beautiful young woman is lying, supposed to be dead, but nevertheless holding the little bell-rope which is always used in signalling returned life. A young Englishman, questioning the man in charge as to how often he has heard the bell ring, hears it tinkle himself, and finds that it is the beautiful girl who shows signs of reviving. From that on the book concerns itself with unravelling the mystery of the girl's supposed death, the effort to get her fortune and her final marriage to the young Englishman who had been instrumental in bringing her to life. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'THE LITTLE LADIES' is the well-chosen title of a pretty story of two little girls in 'the old home' over sea. Miss Helen Milman is the author, and her story has been daintily illustrated by Emily F. Harding. It takes us into English life, and shows us how the little folk enjoy themselves with one another and with the older people. It also tells us in charming style how they fare with their toys, their peacocks and their dogs—especially when they attempt canine nourishment by means of chocolate-creams. There are incidents of love, of travel and of mild adventure as the two little ladies grow up, and the whole tone and atmosphere of the story are sweet and luminous. Those who make the acquaintance of the little ladies Nora and Nesta and the splendid boy Guy will know very lovely young people, besides enjoying some very fine pictures of them drawn on wood as well as by the author's pen. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'THE HIDDEN CITY,' by Walter H. McDougall, is one of those books that seek to interest by employing the supernatural, the archaic or the phenomenal. In this case interest is lent by the employment of a little of each of these means. We do not know who is the originator of this kind of story, or how far back it dates in the history of literature, but we know that Bulwer, Jules Verne and H. Rider Haggard are responsible for its various revivals. This is a tale which is neither so surprising as those of the last-named author, nor so absorbing as the Frenchman's, nor so psychological as Bulwer's. It is the history of a remnant of the old civilization co-existent with the lost Atlantis; when it is not purely descriptive it is highly sentimental. A man is thrown from a balloon out in a Western cañon, and lights upon this old city, with its stone weapons, human sacrifices and old Egyptian legends. He arrives just in time to prevent the slaughter of an innocent maiden; a shot from his rifle shatters the knife that threatens her throat, and all the people accost him as a god—the long-looked-for Quetzal. The main portion of the story narrates his career among the people of this hidden city of Atzlan. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

'A MAIDEN'S CHOICE,' by W. Heimburg, translated by Elise L. Lathrop, is one of those long German novels in which the social conditions are so different from ours, the devotion and steadfastness of the hero and heroine being tested by the amount of social sacrifice they are willing to make for each other. Even the English novel has ceased to lay much force upon these primitive complications of fiction, and the American novel never had any legitimate right to found a plot on such a point of view, but the feeling of rank and class and fortune is still a very vital consideration in Germany, and the fact that a young German is willing to give up anything of career or position which he might have gained by marrying another girl is enough to endow him with all the virtues a lover can be expected to have in the eyes of his betrothed. On the whole the story is interesting, well told and not more sensational than the average, and is adorned with a vast number of pictorial illustrations which were original and pleasing when they left the artist's hands, but which are often blurred and distorted by the process of reproduction. (\$1.50. Worthington Co.)—D. LOTHROP CO. have brought out new editions of Rossister W. Raymond's 'Brave Hearts' (first issued in 1873), 'The Man in the Moon' (1874) and 'Two Ghosts' (1879).

TO THE READER of Maud Howe's 'Phyllida' let us recommend a vast amount of credulity and absolutely no preconceived ideas of human nature. With this concession on the part of the reader, she (we use the pronoun intentionally) and the author may be able to maintain amicable relations; otherwise we fear there would be a

cessation of friendliness at the third or fourth page. 'Phillida' is a novel. If we could use any word that would better indicate its scope or intensify its degree, we would not employ a substantive so vague, which, like the word love, that does duty for the meanest and the highest passion, may narrate the simple annals of the poor and ignorant or dilate upon the complex agonies of the rich and cultivated. This latter is what 'Phillida' does, and it is at this point that the reader is prayed to preserve her credulity and throw over any notion of how human nature acts under certain conditions. The scenes are laid chiefly in London, and all the characters are English save Phillida who is an American, and Teresita who is Spanish. Sir John Lawton, after having fallen in love with every pretty woman who has swum within his ken, has become enamoured of and married the woman who is now his wife. Every prospect seems to be pleasing; but we know what is coming, for a dirge-behind-the-curtain is being performed by the old nurse. And sure enough, soon comes Phillida with orchids in her hand, and Sir John falls in love all over again, and Phillida falls in love, and they are just about to sail away in Sir John's yacht when two people who have gone off yachting in similar circumstances come upon the scene, and Sir John concludes that they have neither of them pleasant expressions, and must have found their experience disappointing, whereby he is impelled to go off alone in the yacht, and doing so gets drowned while saving the life of a little black imp. Then Phillida finds she never really loved Sir John but only the man she marries. This is the brief outline of one set of people in the book. There are others whose affairs are equally complicated. They, too, have dire decisions to make, and they make them with phrases and action that show a keen appreciation of all the possibilities the situations afford. (\$1. John W. Lovell Co.)

'MASTER ROCKAFELLAR'S VOYAGE' is a very interesting story, by W. Clark Russell, of a manly little lad who made up his mind to become a sailor, and after much persuasion got his family to let him enter the merchant service. With nine other mates, he sailed on the Lady Violet from Gravesend for Australia. The yarns that were spun, the accidents, incidents and adventures that befell—all are told with such vividness that somehow we are sure that Master Rockafellar has had a living prototype, and that he was no distant relative of the author. Any boy who thinks he has a passion for the sea will be glad of the detailed experiences of Master Rockafellar, and though he probably has not a name so suggestive of his calling, he would doubtless be as brave and uncomplaining a sailor in similarly trying circumstances. (\$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.)

'BY RIGHT, NOT LAW,' by R. H. Sherard, is one of those tales that are made up without a single fact to found them on and with no other purpose in view than pure entertainment, and yet which are so straightforward in their narration and so ingenious in construction that the mind accepts every statement as a verity. It would be a pity to spoil the edge of the story for the reader by disclosing its nature; it is sufficient to say that it is a capital bit of writing, and that the experiment of hypnotism at the last is a fitting end for such a clever *tour de force*. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

'THE JOHNSTOWN STAGE, and Other Stories' is a collection of tales brightly written by Robert Howard Fletcher, which tell of life in places as distant from us and as widely separated from each other as California and Venice. The majority, however, are of Western life and are good in local color and animated in style. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

'THE POCKET LIBRARY of English Literature,' edited by Mr. George Saintsbury, opens with 'Tales of Mystery,' made up of extracts from Mrs. Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis and Robert C. Maturin, the most harrowing and blood-curdling portions of their 'tales of terror' being gathered into a booklet of 300 or so pages, capable of being actually pocketed and yet very clearly printed. The make-up of the volume is most tasteful, and the new 'library' is quite sure to become popular. One may suppose full of horrors in this first instalment. Succeeding volumes are to be devoted to 'Political Verse,' 'Defoe's Minor Novels,' 'Political Pamphlets,' 'Seventeenth Century Lyrics,' etc. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

'THE CHILDREN of the Abbey,' by Miss R. M. Roche, was one of the most popular novels of about a hundred years ago, when novels were not so common as they are to-day. It was first published in 1796, and had not gone out of favor in the middle of the present century. It will delight the older folk to see a new edition of the favorite of their youth, as brought out in two comely volumes similar to those of the 'Laurel Crowned Series'; and the present generation, to whom it will be entirely new, may be interested in learning what sort of fiction their fathers and mothers used to enjoy when they were boys and girls. (\$2.50. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

JOHN-SON'S 'Rasselas,' edited by Prof. F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan, had been added to the Student's Series of English Clas-

sics. The editor furnishes a biographical introduction, suggestions concerning methods of study, and hints on aids to the study of the work—all good in their way. A few explanatory notes also are added. (42 cts. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

THAT VERY CLEVER Australian writer, Rolf Boldrewood, has written a book for boys called 'A Sydney-Side Saxon.' It is a straightforward narrative told in the first person by a young yeoman in Australia—how he fared in practical matters, and how in the end he won his admirable wife. We wish we could give it the praise this author's novels usually command, but the construction of the book is against it. A tale told entirely in the past tense by a man whose life is nearly finished lacks that spontaneity and crispness which are of the essence of fiction for boys. And then all that delicious suspense as to how each adventure will turn out is gone when from the very first one is confronted with the picture of a hale old man recounting his successes to his children and his children's children. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. MILTON GOLDSMITH has written a clever tale of Jewish life in modern Russia. The opening scenes are in the year 1850, the closing in 1887. Of course Mr. Goldsmith sympathizes with his co-religionists and fills his pages with their sufferings; but as no one has ever denied that they suffer, he cannot be accused of manufacturing history upon this point. The tale is for the most part sombre, but it is of absorbing interest. How true a picture of life in Russia it may give we cannot say; if there is exaggeration, however, the fact is not obtrusive. Certainly the account of Jewish religious life and ceremonies is exact. (Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.)

'ELSA,' by E. McQueen Gray, is one of those delightful old-fashioned novels with a love-story pure and simple and all the adjuncts to the furtherance and hindrance of the same. The scene is laid chiefly in that dream-city, Venice. There is Elsa, whose mother was Italian and whose father is Austrian, pure in spirit and with a marvelous voice; there is the morose old father writing away on his book of the Campaign of 1859 which shall redeem his name from the stigma of having made a tactical blunder; there is Somerled the Englishman, an artist who loves Elsa; there is the Baroness, an ex-ballet dancer, who in her vain and silly fashion devotes herself to Elsa's fortunes; there is Kramer, the little Munich artist, who sentimentalizes about beer and love in the same breath; there is the Princess Morini, old and bitter, with the thirst for vengeance in her heart, giving 'Wednesday evenings' to which everyone comes, in spite of her ill-humor; there is Francesco Savarni, the villain of the tale, who oppresses Elsa after her father dies, and upon whom to be avenged the Princess has lived until she is eighty-three; and finally there is Antonio the gondolier, silent and discreet. And out of this material the author, evidently English, has made a story that is charming in scene and conversation, absorbing in interest, absolutely true in its premises, even if its conclusions are sometimes a trifle exaggerated and theatrical, artistic in arrangement, and healthy and objective in tone—a story so little modern, so unlike some of the monstrosities of realism, as to command our genuine admiration. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'STEPHEN ELLICOTT'S DAUGHTER,' by Mrs. J. H. Needell, belongs to a class of novels distinctively English—one of which the writings of George Eliot are the highest exposition, and those of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Lucas Malet, Maxwell Grey and Mrs. Needell are good examples—novels written entirely from a moralist's point of view, and that moralist a woman. By their high purpose, their literary finish and sometimes their tediousness, these novels differentiate themselves from the mass of current fiction. In them the moral deterioration of a principal character is apt to be the leading motive, and they have always a keenly ethical atmosphere. Men also are given to this kind of psychological analysis, but the moment we compare the work of the man and the woman moralist the difference is clearly seen, and an intensity of feeling is discovered in the woman's novel that renders the moral iniquity described almost one of personal pain and injury. It is this last quality, together with a tedious repetition of the main issue with a multiplicity of detail almost ridiculous, that mars our pleasure in 'Stephen Ellicott's Daughter,' an otherwise remarkable story. The gist of the tale is the fraud and felony committed by father and son in keeping the rightful owner out of an estate which they inherited as younger sons. In both cases it ruins the life and peace of the men who committed the crime. The book is ably written, there are admirable characters in it, and its construction is solid and substantial; but there are inconsistencies throughout which upset the author's conclusions. The heroine is a wooden figure representing all the melancholy and none of the spontaneity of virtue; the hero, who is made to worship this deity

in silence for twelve years, is a prig strongly inclined to call other people to account; and the villain, who is said to mask his character by the manners of a gentleman, in reality discloses it constantly by his ill-humor and brutality. Lapses like these weaken the impression sought to be made upon the reader's mind. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

'THE DESTINY of a man of action,' in the case of 'Hovenden, V. C.,' is a varied one. He goes out to fight the Zulus, wins his Victoria cross, and comes home to fall in love with Althea Rodrigues and to lose her and one leg—the latter lost in consequence of an accident. Althea marries a Dr. Sugden, with whom she lives unhappily and from whom she elopes with Hovenden. His friends cut him, Althea dies, he enters a monastery, quits it because he does not like to wash dishes in greasy water, and marries an old flame of his boyhood. Author, F. Mabel Robinson. (50 cts.)—'LUMLEY, THE PAINTER,' by John Strange Winter, is a capital example of the art of writing nothing about nothing for no purpose on earth. There is here an artist, a designing widow, a girl presumably lovely, an accident, etc., all together—characters, incidents, plot and dialogue—footing up a handsome zero. The tale is mercifully short, but a duller one for its length we have not encountered. (25 cts.)—'OLGA'S CRIME' is in assisting her grandfather, Prince Zassoulitch, after their escape from Siberia, to rob their entertainer, Major Caldecott, of his big, black diamond. She also, for her own account, robs Evelyn Caldecott of her lover, whom she marries. English accomplices and Russian political agents expose her dishonesty and prove that she and her family are anything but noble, and had originally been sent to Siberia for theft. She dies repentant, and Leslie weds the long-suffering Evelyn. Author, Frank Barrett. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

Educational Literature

GARDINER'S 'SCHOOL ATLAS of English History,' though primarily intended as a companion to the editor's 'Student's History of England,' will be equally useful with any such text-book of history—for as a rule they are lamentably deficient in maps—and as a work of reference for general use. The 66 maps are beautifully executed, and illustrate the geography of England, with its possessions and dependencies and the foreign countries connected with its history, from the earliest times down to the year 1891. Thus we have Roman Britain, the First Home of the English (the country of the Angles, Saxons, etc.), England in A.D. 550, in 584, in 627, and so on; with maps of Europe in 814, in 912, and at various other periods; maps of India, of Africa, of the World, and many others, all bearing directly or indirectly on British history. There are also 22 plans of battles and sieges, from that of Senlac in 1066 to that of Sebastopol in 1854-55. (\$1.50.)—THE 'STUDENT'S HISTORY of England,' by the same editor, is equally to be commended. The pictorial illustrations are by far the best we have seen in any book of its class. Those of architecture and monumental remains are particularly good. The work is published in three parts, of about 350 pages each, and is admirably adapted to schools where English history is studied with some thoroughness, as well as to the purposes of the private student and the general reader. (\$3.60. Longmans, Green & Co.)

PROF. C. F. JOHNSON'S 'English Words' is 'an elementary study of derivations' written primarily for use as a text-book in high schools and colleges. It is well suited to this purpose in the hands of judicious teachers, and is at the same time an entertaining treatise on the subject for the private student and the general reader with a taste for etymology. It is better up with the times than Trench's 'Study of Words,' which has been so long and deservedly popular in and out of the schools, while it is in every way as readable as that book. It has two good indexes, one of subjects, the other of words explained. It may be cordially commended to all who are interested in this fascinating branch of linguistic study. (84 cents. Harper & Bros.)—'THE STUDY CLASS,' by Anna B. McMahon, is 'a guide for the student in English literature,' growing out of a series of privately printed 'Outlines,' which themselves grew out of actual experience in the schoolroom. Some of the chief works of leading authors, from Shakespeare down, are presented as 'topics for discussion,' with sensible hints for the treatment of each topic, questions on difficult or doubtful passages, etc. The book will be particularly helpful to the private student, and hardly less so to the large class of teachers who have small skill or tact in this branch of instruction, which on the whole we believe to be worse taught than any other in our secondary schools. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)—'CHILDREN'S STORIES in English Literature from Shakespeare to Tennyson,' by Henrietta C. Wright, is best in telling the story of authors' lives and worst in attempting to give their literary history. Dry lists of a man's

works are out of place in such a book, and can only repel the young reader who, however, is pretty sure to skip them. The author's English is now and then at fault; as, for instance, when (p. 120) she says that 'Paradise Lost' was 'indited by many different hands,' the reference being to the copyists employed by the blind poet. This use of *indite* is sanctioned by no dictionary that we wot of. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE 'PAPERS of the American Historical Association' for October contain some articles that may interest our readers. The one most likely to attract attention is that by Stephen B. Weeks, on 'The Lost Colony of Roanoke,' in which the theory is advocated that the colony planted under Raleigh's auspices did not perish, as has commonly been supposed, but retreated into the interior, where the colonists ultimately became merged with one of the Indian tribes. The Croatan tribe, now living in the western part of North Carolina, are thought to be the descendants of those early settlers and their Indian allies, and the evidence in support of this view is certainly striking. The theory thus set forth by Mr. Weeks is not original with him, but was first broached by Hamilton McMillan of North Carolina, in 1885. Another article of some importance at the present time is that on 'The Yazoo Land Companies,' which shows that the habit of using political influence for speculative purposes is by no means new in American history. The other papers in this number are on Slavery in New York, Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, Congressional Demands upon the Executive for Information, and the Study of English Municipal History. It seems to us after reading several numbers of these Papers that our historians are giving too exclusive attention to political history, to the neglect of other and equally important elements of human life. Nothing can be more erroneous than the dictum of Prof. Freeman, so often quoted in this country, that 'history is past politics and politics present history.' History is too broad to be expressed in any such narrow formula as this: it is the record of the whole past life of humanity, of which politics is but a small part; and any treatment of it which is confined to politics to the neglect of religion, literature and the other agencies of human progress is radically defective. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'THE GRAPHIC ATLAS and Gazetteer of the World,' edited by J. G. Bartholomew, is a large, substantially bound volume, presenting a very different appearance from that of the ordinary flat and sprawling atlas. There are maps and charts of the world as a whole (commercial, climatic, hydrographic), charts of time, of mean annual rainfall, of ocean currents and of steamship lines. The United States and the several States and Territories are shown in fifty maps; and there are plans of the principal cities and of the Yosemite Valley. The countries north and south of us are shown in fifteen maps and plans, the British Isles in eight, the rest of Europe in twelve, Asia in thirteen, Africa in four and Oceania and Australia in eight. A gazetteer filling 268 double-columned pages, and an alphabetical list of countries and sectional maps make this the fullest and most comprehensive work of its kind that has come to our notice. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)—THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION has issued No. 10 of its pamphlets on American educational history, being an account of 'Higher Education in Indiana,' by James A. Woodburn, Professor of American History in the Indiana University. It is written in an unattractive style, but will doubtless be useful to specialists in education. The record of Indiana in educational matters is not very creditable, for there was no public school system in the State worthy of the name until after the new Constitution was framed in 1851. Nor was the lack of common schools offset by increased attention to higher education; on the contrary, as Mr. Woodburn's monograph clearly shows, higher education even now is less developed in Indiana than in Michigan and some other Western States. Such progress as has been made, however, is carefully recorded in the work before us, and the prospects for the future seem encouraging. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

ONE IS PREDISPOSED to look with favor upon any work that comes from Mr. Osmund Airy's well-practised hand, for he has often proved his scholarly and skilful touch. His last volume, a 'Text-Book of English History,' will not materially add to his reputation. Into one volume of moderate size, the author has condensed English history from the Roman conquest to the year 1887. As the book contains only 550 pages the events of this long period may be said to be little more than enumerated or catalogued, but the most important are stated in the light of modern criticism, and the course of events is clear. Compared with Prof. S. K. Gardiner's more finished and elaborate work this book must suffer, but it can be used as a means of reference for dates and changes in

the Constitution. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)—IN CONNECTION with the above-noticed work reference may be made to Miss E. S. Kirkland's 'Short History of England.' This book is evidently intended for use in schools and is well fitted for that purpose. It is written in a simple style, is full of matter which is interesting and follows quite closely Green's 'Short History of the English People.' (\$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE POWER of compressing the essence of long periods of time into sentences which are both 'comprehensive and expressive' has rarely been more strikingly illustrated than in Prof. Ernest Lavisse's 'General View of the Political History of Europe.' One hundred and seventy pages of large type suffice for this stupendous undertaking, which would appall most historians even in fancy. But it must be confessed that to a certain extent the author has succeeded admirably. We fear, however, that the very comprehensiveness and generalization which we admire will render the book somewhat misleading, for it gives an appearance of simplicity to what is in itself difficult. Few men would have the courage and fewer the learning to attempt such a task, but as far as any man could do so Prof. Lavisse has succeeded. The translation is very well done by Mr. Charles Cross of Harvard College. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)—STAR-LAND, by Sir Robert S. Ball, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal of Ireland, reappears in an American reprint from the English electrotypes. The little volume was noticed in *The Critic* when it first came out, two years ago. It is not a text-book of Astronomy, but the reproduction of a series of familiar talks on astronomical subjects given at the Royal Institution in London as one of the usual Christmas-tide courses of lectures to young people. The course was very popular, and deservedly so, and the book still remains as the best of all the juvenile works on astronomy. While the author is an astronomer of the first rank, and so writes with authority, he is also a good deal of a boy, in hearty sympathy with his youthful audience, and writes in a fresh, racy style that is very taking with young folks. The work is so well done that old children as well as young ones will find the book entertaining and profitable. (\$1.10. Ginn & Co.)

Magazine Notes

MR. LANG goes over the ground recently covered by Mme. Adam in his article on 'French Novels and French Life' in the January *North American*. He disclaims all acquaintance with the life, but he shows himself well informed as to the novels. He accepts Mme. Adam's view that they represent, at the most, the life of a small class of Parisians. He acutely queries whether they do not rather misrepresent even that, and suggests that the difference between French and English novels is due mainly to a difference in taste on the part of readers and authors. But why this difference in taste? he asks. May we not say that French authors keep to their traditional motive for artistic reasons? It is more dramatic than the common English and American motive of love before marriage, for it involves three or four persons instead of two; it may lead directly to either a comic or a tragic conclusion, yet the reader need not know which is coming until the last page; in short, it supplies a plot instead of a foregone conclusion. 'The Best Book of the Year' Sir Edwin Arnold found to be Zola's 'La Bête Humaine,' yet he flung it, after reading, into the Atlantic; Gail Hamilton thinks it is the record of the Maybrick case—which as a sample of grim, Yankee humor is superb; Miss Repplier would like to give the palm to Oscar Wilde's book of essays, 'Intentions,' but finds the essay on 'The Decay of Lying' is the only one to her mind; for Mrs. Barr no one during 1891 has sung a song; Prof. Briggs thinks Canon Cheyne on the Psalter the best *theological* book of the year; Julien Gordon speaks up for Herbert Spencer's 'Justice'; and Dr. Hammond caps the climax with 'The Century Dictionary,' which, however admirable, one would suppose barred out from such a discussion.

'The Columbus Portraits' is the title of what is, in every sense, the leading article of the January *Cosmopolitan*. The Versailles portrait is given as a frontispiece. Its general traits are reproduced in some three or four of the thirteen others that illustrate the article. The author, Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, considers all of them mythical. An illustrated article on 'The Salon,' by M. Ricardo Nobili, recounts the history of that institution down to the recent split. 'Old New York' is illustrated with pictures of the first City Hall, Gov. Stuyvesant's 'Bowery' Mansion, the canal in Broad Street, and various other copies of old engravings. The same abundant source of illustration is drawn upon for an article on 'Old-Time Magazines.' Notorious misers and all sorts of human freaks and oddities furnished originally the most available copy for the *Penny Magazine*, *Bentley's Miscellany* and *Sharpe's London Magazine*. The Special Correspondents at Washing-

ton are pictured, 'Fencers and Fencing in Paris' are written of by Charles de Kay, Dr. E. E. Hale proposes that we really have 'peace on earth' for once, and Brander Matthews writes some notable truths apropos of 'Certain Beautiful Books.'

The two volumes of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1891 are chiefly notable for their articles on travel and applied science. The papers on 'Ocean Steamships,' on 'Great Streets of the World' and on 'Africa,' Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Japanica' and articles on 'Mount St. Elias' and 'The Cruise of the Thetis' may be put under the former head, and 'Fire Apparatus,' 'Photography of Luminous Objects' and 'The Ornamentation of Ponds and Lakes' under the latter. Art and literature, however, are not forgotten. The engravings after Albert Moore's paintings, in Vol. IX., Mr. Weguelin's illustrations to Horace and an illustrated article on 'Michetti' make a very fair artistic showing; while 'The Wrecker,' Andrew Lang's essay on 'Molière,' 'The Anatomist of the Heart' and Mr. Aldrich's poem, 'Elmwood,' are good literature. Articles on connected topics are 'Present Ideals of American University Life,' 'Imagination and Livelihood,' 'Browning's Asolo'; 'Landor once More,' 'A Threat of New Coins,' 'Artists as Critics' and 'Shakespeare as an Actor.' Most of these have been noticed in *The Critic* as they appeared. An 'Index' to the first ten volumes of the magazine is issued, separately bound.

The bound volume of *The Overland* for July-Dec. 1891 is made attractive with views of California scenery and interesting by the many strange topics that engage the attention of the Pacific Slope. An article on 'The California Lakes' has pictures of Lake Tahoe at sundown; of Lake Winnemucca in Nevada, with the snows and cliffs of Round Top Mountain mirrored in its depths; of Crater Lake in Oregon; of Donner Lake in winter and in summer; and the Blue Lakes of the Sierras seen among peaks and clouds. Many of the California lakes, it appears, are situated in other States. The 'Leland Stanford, Jr., University,' with its immense, arcaded quadrangle, its tiled roofs and garden of palms shows that new California is not forgetting her picturesque past. An article on 'Libraries and Librarians of the Pacific Coast' gives pictures of the State University Library, the Public Library of Los Angeles, and others, and portraits of librarians Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, Wilson, Green, Whittaker, Rowell, Woodruff, Bancroft and Sutor. Other illustrated articles are on 'The Defenses of the Pacific Coast,' 'Flower and Seed Growing,' 'California Horse Farms' and 'Trout-Fishing in California.' The fiction is decidedly clever. 'Verisimilitude,' a tale of engineering among the Andes, 'The Stand at Bagley's,' 'Coyote that Bites' and 'The Sword of Luis Gonzales' are well worth reading. We have glimpses of other lands in 'Letters from Pitcairn's Island,' 'A Sheep Station in Western Australia,' 'Camp and Travel in Texas' and 'The Origin and Progress of the Chinese Army.' It is plain that California is thinking more about the 'extreme Orient' than the Eastern States.

Vol. III. of that admirably 'useless but entertaining' magazine for lawyers, *The Green Bag*, is a veritable portrait gallery of bench and bar, giving, among a great many others, pictures and biographical sketches of the members of the courts of final appeal of five States—Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois and New Jersey. An essay on Sir Francis Bacon's mother-in-law shows that that much-married lady had a sharp tongue and a sharp pen, but failed to rule the Lord Chancellor. That our lawyers are not so bad as those of former days in the matter of browbeating and vituperation is shown by Sir Edward Coke's treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh on the latter's trial. From the Welsh laws of Howell the Good about cats, it appears that a kitten before its eyes were open was worth one penny and after it had killed its first mouse, fourpence; but a King's cat was valued at as much wheat as could be heaped up about it to the tip of the tail, the cat being suspended with its head to the floor. A village was not recognized as such in law unless it held at least one cat. Among the 'Causes Célèbres' are those of Fauntleroy the forger, Dun the robber, and Dumollard the murderer. 'Law and Authors in the Olden Time' shows that, what with ear-slitting, hanging, and burning of books and of persons, authors were if anything worse off then than now. From 'Poetry and the Law' we learn why ancient laws were rhymed—a practise which Mr. Irving Browne has revived in his poetic accounts of cases in the New York courts.

In 'The Story of a Strange Land,' President Jordan of Stanford University gives an account in the February *Popular Science Monthly* of the formation of the hot-springs and lava-cliffs of the Yellowstone region. The adventures and mishaps of the finny inhabitants of the lakes and rivers in the national park are narrated in readable fashion. 'The Piano-forte' is the first of a series of papers by Daniel Spillane on the making of musical instruments. Both of these articles are illustrated. Edward Atkinson and Edward T. Cabot write of 'Personal Liberty,' their article—the first

one in the magazine—bearing chiefly on the labor question, giving the results of an exhaustive examination of the decisions of the courts concerning restrictions on hours and modes of labor, regulation of the method of payment, etc. 'Urban Population,' in the same number, is the subject of the fourth Lesson from the Census, by Carroll D. Wright. It shows just how much ground there is for the current apprehension in regard to the increase of the slum population of cities.

Respite Finem

AS OFTEN as I see a little child
Grope blindly o'er the keys with fingers small,
For chords unkennered that, read aright, would fall
Melodious on the inner ear, and mild;
And harken to the dissonances wild,
That riot forth responsive to her call,
Until, despairing, she would fain doubt all
The harmony that had her heart beguiled:
So oft I bid my soul to persevere,
Nor falter at the masterpiece called Life,
Whose fairest phrases, cadenced by my grief,
Untuneful turn. Mayhap the day'll appear
When, like the triumphant child, all beauty-rife
I'll find my song, and precious past belief.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

The Lounger

'THE CABINET MINISTER,' which was brought out at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, is another proof, if proof be needed, of the cleverness of Mr. Daly's comedians. There is no leading part in the play—in fact there is no part which can be called a very good one, unless the unpleasant Joseph Lebanon might be so designated; but the acting is so well done that on the whole the play is a success. At least I judge that it is so, for I have seldom seen an audience more amused or more enthusiastic. Miss Rehan was not in the cast, which threw something of a gloom over the first part of the performance, but Miss Adelaide Prince played so well that while I cannot say that Miss Rehan was forgotten, I can say that her loss was less keenly felt than one would have expected. As the audience left the theatre one heard nothing but expressions of pleasure and surprise at Miss Prince's acting.

THE RETURN of Mme. Modjeska to New York is a thing upon which all local lovers of the drama may congratulate themselves. She stands first among English-speaking tragediennes, and to see her in Shakespearian rôles is a necessary part of one's education in the literature of the English stage. She made her reappearance on Monday night in 'As You Like It,' and on Wednesday put a new play—'Countess Roudine'—on the boards.

'THE COUNTRY CIRCUS' is just what its name suggests. It is a country circus and a very good one, too. The play amounts to nothing, and is intended to. The playwright's cleverness consisted in hitting upon the idea. The story is that of a young country girl who runs away with a circus man, and is found by her family as the 'ten-thousand-dollar beauty' of the show. There is a street parade that would not be insignificant on a real street, and a circus that to me was much more interesting and amusing than the three-ringed affair of the Greatest Show on Earth. Every specialty is good; one seldom sees better horseback-riding, and never a more intelligent baboon or pony than those that delight the audiences at the Academy of Music. There would be nothing to criticise in this performance, were it not for Mr. Tannehill's dreadful drawl and the bleating of 'Mlle. Sivilia.' A shaking voice is not necessarily pathetic. Children may be taken to 'The Country Circus' with impunity. It is just the thing for them, and nothing could exceed their joy when the smallest pony they or any one else ever saw is wheeled in, on a perambulator.

MR. HENRY B. FULLER, author of 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,' was in New York last week, revising the manuscript of his new story, 'The Châtelaine of La Trinité,' which will be published in *The Century*. He is now on his way to Italy and Spain. To Italy he has already paid an exquisite literary tribute; now let us see what he will do for the Iberian Peninsula. Two months ago Mr. Fuller took up the study of Spanish, in order to read the literature of the country in the original. He was delighted with the language, learned it with little trouble, and has already read several of the more famous books of the best modern Spanish writers.

His knowledge of Italian, he tells me, rather hindered than helped his progress in the kindred tongue. The very similarity of the languages makes it more difficult to learn the second one. Of the two he finds the Spanish the more interesting, as being richer and more masculine.

MISS LEONORA VON STOSCH, the young American violinist of whom I have spoken several times since she made her début in this city a few months since, has been hampered as a public performer by her inability to obtain a first-rate violin. She tried one after another, but found nothing that fully met her need for playing in the largest halls. Sweet-toned instruments were not so hard to get, but the best of them were inadequate. Through the kindly offices of some of her friends she at last obtained the privilege of playing upon a genuine Stradivarius, an instrument of great power and perfect quality; but she was only allowed to use it in public once—at a concert of the Arion Society—as the owner wished to sell it, and was afraid some mishap might befall it unless it were kept always under his eye. It was a fortunate thing, of course, that the fiddle was for sale; but the best 'Strads' are worth very much more than their weight in gold; and as musical genius and the assurance of professional success are not exactly negotiable securities, Miss von Stosch continued to play on an instrument unworthy of her powers, and tried to forget all about the glorious violin that had been hers for a single happy hour.

ONE EVENING, not more than two weeks ago, the young musician received a hurried letter from a friend in Washington Square, asking her to come around to her apartment at once. She did so, and found there an elderly gentleman who loves music and is himself an amateur of the violin. Miss von Stosch played for her friend (herself a gifted musician) and for her friend's appreciative guest; and when she laid down her instrument the latter picked it up and examined it, and asked her if she had no better one to use at concerts. Finding that this was the only one she had, he asked her if she didn't think she could find one more powerful—if she had ever seen one, in fact, that suited her. Then the story of the 'Strad' came out; and when he had heard it, Mæcenas conferred for a moment with his hostess, and then overwhelmed the fair young musician by telling her he would like to own the coveted instrument himself, adding that while he would be the owner, the thing would be hers to play on. A check for \$5000, bearing this generous gentleman's signature, will be put this week in the hands of the present owner of the Stradivarius, and the next time Miss von Stosch appears in public, she will draw her bow across the strings of one of the finest violins in the world.

APROPOS OF THIS interesting story, I have heard that a young son of Camilla Urso, the famous violinist, once went to his mother and told her he could get a good violin, for his own use, for two dollars. The money was forthcoming, and so was the fiddle—which proved to be a noble Stradivarius! But such accidents as this don't happen twice in the same century.

A WRITER in an English periodical thinks that he has discovered the reason for Carlyle's devotion to Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Carlyle, he says, told him that Lady Ashburton treated her husband 'with anything but the respect which he was in the habit of receiving.' This, the writer thinks, made him stand in awe of her, and with Carlyle awe was akin to admiration. Now this may be the true explanation; but I cannot see why it should be, for certainly Carlyle was not in the habit of receiving very great deference from his wife. The sensation of being commanded was not new to him. His wife no doubt respected him, but if biography is to be relied upon, she spoke pretty sharply to him at times. Mr. Froude agrees with Mrs. Carlyle, in the matter of Lady A.; for he speaks of the 'peremptory' style of her ladyship's notes to the philosopher, which were 'rather like the commands of a sovereign than the easy communications of friendship.' Lord Houghton—the late peer—does not agree with either of these opinions, for he says that Lady Ashburton's attitude towards Carlyle was 'one of filial respect and dutiful admiration.' It is, however, two against one in favor of the 'peremptory' manner of the great lady in her intercourse with the sage.

WE ARE TO HAVE more developments in relation to Carlyle. A niece, who is now Mrs. Carlyle, having married her cousin and taken up her residence on Hampstead heights, is engaged with her husband in preparing a new work dealing with their uncle's character and genius. I don't know what opportunities the nephew had of getting esoteric information on this subject, but the niece, having been an inmate of the house in Cheyne Row, can dish up

no end of gossip for us, for she saw her uncle and aunt in their most unassuming moments. Mrs. Carlyle has also a valuable collection of the philosopher's letters and papers, which alone should make her book valuable. It is hinted that she is going to show us a genial, gentle Carlyle—a very different portrait from the one Mr. Froude has painted.

I HAVE HEARD IT SAID that no man knows two languages equally well. I doubt that it is so. To take an illustration close at hand, I should say that the Hon. Carl Schurz knew both German and English perfectly. He writes and speaks in German constantly, and in his family has made it a rule to employ his mother tongue almost exclusively, lest his children should grow up with an imperfect knowledge of its refinements, or lack of facility in its use; they speak English fluently, of course, and would prefer to use it in conversation among themselves. That Mr. Schurz passes safely over the pitfalls of English speech no one who has heard him address an English-speaking audience needs to be told; and as for his skill in writing the language, one has only to read his recent monograph on Abraham Lincoln, reprinted from *The Atlantic*, to see how perfect is his mastery of the idiom. An Englishman or American might well congratulate himself on the possession of a style so easy and accomplished. Of the charm and value of the essay on other grounds *The Critic* has already spoken.

HAPPENING TO MEET Mr. Schurz at dinner the other evening, I told him the anecdote related in this column last week of Mark Twain's meeting with the German Emperor. 'I am not surprised,' said he, 'to learn that Wilhelm was glad to have an opportunity of meeting the American humorist; for when I met the Emperor myself, some three years ago, he spoke with enthusiasm of Mark Twain's writings, praising in particular "The Innocents Abroad." He seemed to take an unbounded, almost a boyish delight in the book.' I had always fancied a sense of humor to be the quality most lacking in the Kaiser's intellectual composition, but am assured by one who knows him well that he is 'a fellow of infinite jest,' capable not only of setting, but of keeping, the table 'on a roar.'

IT WAS STATED in last week's *Critic*, in the report of the meeting of the American Copyright League, that Mr. R. U. Johnson, the Secretary, was recovering from an attack of yellow fever—a clear case of heterophemy, as the writer was well aware that the ailment in question was not yellow fever, but typhoid, and intended to say so. A note from Mrs. Johnson exclaims 'We are quarantined! Please get out an "extra" at once, and restore us to our friends.'

FOR A PERIOD of nine months Mr. Richard Harding Davis has shaken off the trammels of desk work, and hied him to the wild and lanate West, his errand being to 'write up' in *Harper's Weekly* the garrisons and army outposts, ranches, mining-towns and Indian reservations, as they appear to an Eastern man who sees them for the first time, and looks at them with a view to picturesque description. He has said good-bye to his friends, and is making a bee-line for Texas, to see first, if possible, the pursuit of Garza's revolutionary and predatory band. At the end of three months he will go to London to prepare a series of papers for *Harper's Monthly* on the life and institutions of that city from the point of view of an American. Both series of articles will be illustrated. Mr. Davis will return in September to resume his duties as managing editor of the *Weekly*.

London Letter

THE HIGH TIDE of Christmas publications, which was at its flood when last I wrote, has now begun to ebb, and it remains to be seen what of the freight which lately was borne in upon us will have been cast up upon the sands of Time. Many charming, attractive covers meet the eye on every side, at this season,—book-sellers' counters, railway stalls, libraries, boudoirs, nurseries, all are loaded and over-loaded,—but it is almost pitiable to reflect that ten years hence, we shall look in vain for title after title of those whose emblazoned fronts now most frequently catch our notice, and that 'other faces, fresh and new' will have replaced them on the selfsame shelves and tables. Were the books inferior books, unworthy of attention, undeserving of commendation, this would be no matter—or rather it would be a matter for rejoicing; all who love good literature would cheerfully cry 'Away with them! out of sight with them!' But the hard case is this, that in many instances it is simply the weight of numbers which forces downwards and ultimately crushes the life out of productions of real merit. No one can read *everything*; the jaded critic who tries

to do so is often so sick of the very sight and sound of books, that as he sits down to his new pile, he has a spite against it in all its individual component parts or ever he turns a leaf; and even such of us as are merely readers by choice are so beset by good things, and so anxious to taste the flavor of all, that we are frequently as incapable of distinguishing between the several excellences of each, as was Miss Edgeworth's famous little hero, who, when called upon to eulogize the delicate *gout* of the sweets with which he had been plied, owned at last that they had 'got so jumbled up in his mouth,' that he had no idea which was which!

No one will, however, swallow such a large sugar-plum as 'Count von Moltke's Letters' without being aware of some very distinct impression being left upon the palate. I envy those of my readers who can sit peacefully down in a big armchair with this delightful volume in hand, and a long, wet, wintry afternoon before them. They will not care how the wind roars, and the hail-stones rattle against the window-panes. For myself, a hurried glance here and there among the pages—which I can see are teeming with good things—leaves me so very little right to add to the encomiums already bestowed on the work, that I can only say to all who have it in their power, 'Read for yourselves.' Linguists point to a few errors in the translation, by the way.

'William Hogarth,' by Austin Dobson, is in another fashion a valuable addition to our libraries. For twenty years Mr. Dobson has been minutely studying his subject, and he has succeeded in finally producing a biography so just and discriminating, so complete and exhaustive that it is safe to predict for it the position of a standard work. Hogarth required a biographer to himself—and he has got one. In one of her witty letters (though I cannot find it in Mr. Seeley's book) Lady Mary Wortley Montagu satirizes the delight and astonishment of a feminine acquaintance about to be married, in that 'a whole man has fallen to her share.' While perusing Mr. Austin Dobson's vigorous *résumé* of all his former treatises on the great painter, and noting care and pains bestowed on every detail, we must all rejoice that 'a whole man' has fallen to William Hogarth's share in the matter of depicting his life and career to the present generation.

In the volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' beginning with Howard and ending with Inglethorpe, sixty-nine Howards occupy nearly one-fourth of the book, the greater part of them being of the noble house of Norfolk and its offshoots.

What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards,

cries little bitter-tongued, hunchbacked, Pope,—but the blood of the Howards seems to have ennobled themselves both mentally and morally to a very considerable extent, for a finer record is rarely to be read than that in the new issue of the Dictionary. The greatest amount of space is devoted, as is right, to the honored name of Howard, the philanthropist. It must be confessed that on the other hand, it seems somewhat peculiar to introduce the name of one Michael Howe, a noted bushranger and marauder, into such a volume, a whole column being devoted to the exploits of this worthy! It is true they afforded subject-matter for the first book ever printed in Tasmania—but still!

Professor Herkomer etching a Christmas Card! What is there that Professor Herkomer cannot and—ahem!—will not do? The card is, however, in reality a very delicate and beautiful little picture. It represents the figure of Time with a scythe, a book pressed to his breast by the right hand, and a curtain being drawn by the left? Let your readers solve the riddle of its meaning.

Some of my young friends have had considerable amusement out of the ballad of 'Sir John Small' in the Christmas number of *The Queen*. To the uninitiated this ballad appeared to be a mere heterogeneous mass of extraordinary signs and figures, some of which related to chemistry, some to heraldry, some to astronomy, etc. By dint of patient study and much worrying of the puzzled brain, these gradually resolved themselves into a lengthy love ditty, of which, though much cannot be said in praise of its poetic merit, a great deal can of its ingenuity. A successful solution has been sent up from this house, though the present writer had no hand in it, and indeed failed to disinter a single syllable!

Some magnificent old tapestries have just been discovered in Lisbon. They represent the trial of Marcus Aurelius, also his coronation, one of his battles and the scene in which he rebukes Faustina. The colors are as fresh and vivid as possible, and no sign of age is to be perceived. Allegories encircle the central picture in each case and graceful festoons of flowers together with birds, notably cockatoos, edge these on all sides. The tapestries are described as being surpassingly fine both in design and execution.

The old English masters now on view at Colnaghi's gallery are very well worth seeing. The run on Romney has been succeeded

by a run on Hoppner, who has too long been comparatively overlooked, and whose splendid portraits, such as that of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan and of 'Miranda' (Miss Vane), are evidences of powers inferior to those of no other portrait-painter of his time. Like many others he has had to wait for his fame, but these winter exhibitions are valuable as enabling many who could not otherwise do so to behold the works on which the old English masters chiefly based their claims to it.

It is to be hoped that pictures do not suffer in fog, otherwise the 'blackness of darkness' from which we in London have just emerged must have made exhibitors as miserable as the silver-smiths. The fog on Christmas Eve, it is said, beat the record.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

I AM TOLD that the foundation cause of Mr. Howells's assuming the editorship of *The Cosmopolitan* lay in a little white-covered pamphlet which appeared some two months ago. There is the flavor of an enigma in this, I admit, but perhaps when the name of the author of that pamphlet is mentioned an inkling will be given. It was John Brisben Walker.

Last March Mr. Walker delivered an address before the students of the Catholic University at Washington, and the effect of his bold words upon 'The Church and Poverty' was so pronounced that he was led afterwards to put his address in print. I remember as I read the little book—and others will recall it now, if the words passed under their eye—how boldly Mr. Walker pointed out the danger to the nation that lay in poverty and in over-wealth as well; how candidly he called upon the clergy to look beyond becoming portly, well-fed, elegantly attired gentlemen, and, instead, to labor to reach the people. The waste in our economical system, Mr. Walker declared, was the cause of increasing the working hours one-half. In no halting voice he called upon layman and priest to encourage the rich and protect the poor, to learn to produce wealth and to distribute it equitably. In these words, as I am told, Mr. Howells found so much that agreed with his own views that he immediately wrote Mr. Walker a letter of appreciation. The letter led to a meeting, the meeting to a discussion of business, the discussion to a proposal, and the proposal to the association of the two editors in *Cosmopolitan* work. Mr. Howells had already resigned from *Harper's*, so his leaving the old magazine was not the result of his connection with the new. An association begun by such a fraternal union in principles ought to be productive of emphatic results.

Henry Hudson Kitson tells me that his chief work at present is the bust of the late Gov. J. Gregory Smith of Vermont. Mr. Kitson made the death-mask at the request of the family. The flurry over the Dyer Memorial Fountain has subsided, Mr. Kitson having been again awarded the design. It will be remembered that a unique charge of plagiarism was hinted in the comparison of Mr. Kitson's original design with a Fitchburg fountain. To please the commissioners the Boston sculptor submitted a new sketch showing a vigorous, animated man (nude) holding an eagle at bay, and this will be the fountain to stand in Roger Williams Park.

The result of Bernhardt's engagement was somewhat of a surprise. Last spring the Tremont Theatre was not large enough to hold the Bostonians who wished to attend, and premiums for seats ran high. This winter there have been half a dozen rows of empty chairs. Yet financially the engagement was a success. Of all her plays—and she gave seven—'Cleopatra' (the weakest of the Sardou tragedies), 'Jeanne d'Arc' and 'Leah' drew the best. For the first time in the world Bernhardt here acted the rôle of the forsaken Jewess, and her triumph was absolute. Again and again after each act the curtain rose in response to the applause of the enthusiastic audience and Bernhardt herself, visibly moved, showed her appreciation. She had worked as no other woman than this wonderful animated bunch of wiry nerves could work at rehearsal, drilling her company through the previous night from the moment the curtain fell on 'La Dame de Chantant' till the sunlight streamed through the sombre theatre windows, and yet in her performance a few hours later she showed no sign of weariness. Her Leah differs from the latest interpretation (by Margaret Mather) in lessening the half-savage, defiant air of the hunted girl, and in giving her much sweetness in the gentler scenes. The curse scene was a splendid bit of effect, half-solemn, half-vindictive. Six times the curtain was called after that act. The black-haired Jewess is banished by Bernhardt; she is now a maiden with rich brown hair of a reddish tinge.

In a recent letter to *The Critic* I gave a brief sketch of the way 'Leah' came to the American stage. There have been but four prominent predecessors of Bernhardt in America, so far as I know:

Kate Bateman, the original in this country, Jananschek, the original in the Mosenthal tragedy, 'Deborah,' from which 'Leah' was taken, Julia Dean, and Mather, who still plays the rôle. Ristori had an Italian version in her repertoire and gave the play abroad.

Among the deaths of the week,—and they have been numerous,—was one which should be noted. That one was Mr. William W. Wheildon, the veteran journalist and historian of Boston and Concord. He was the picture of an aged cavalier of the days of Charles II., with his flowing gray locks and bright, deep-set eyes. Last year his eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated. In 1879 his golden wedding was commemorated and at the gathering in his home were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Judges Hoar, Pitman, Endicott and Brooks, Gen. Talbot, and other prominent people. Mrs. Wheildon died seven days before her husband. In local history Mr. Wheildon was an authority.

In the coming number of *The New England Magazine* is to appear an article that will interest sculptors. Mr. George A. Rich, whose essays on industrial subjects have attracted much deserved attention, has written upon the utility of granite for business purposes and in works of art, and his conclusion that for out-door artistic work granite is oftentimes superior to marble are defended by reasons born of study. Another contribution to the February issue will be a story by Walter Blackburn Harte, entitled 'John Parmenter's Protégé.' Mr. Harte has been making his book reviews very readable even if pessimistic, his vigorous and daring pen leading him into plain-speaking as well as caustic arguments. His story is a tale of a magazine editor's experience with a quaint contributor, and as the scene is laid in Boston there may be a biographical flavor clinging to the lines. It reads so.

BOSTON, Jan. 12, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Creative Faculty in Women

THE OUTCRY provoked by Miss Seawell's article in *The Critic* of Nov. 29 has not yet been hushed: her critics are still clamorous (sometimes even contemptuous), but we have failed to see any reply in which her position has been proved wholly untenable. The most obvious peculiarity of the criticisms her efforts to prove woman's lack of the creative faculty have elicited, is the failure of her opponents to meet the points she has raised. Several of them have suggested, as something entirely new, arguments anticipated in the very article they seek to overthrow.

Before calling attention to some of these attempted refutations of the logic of Miss Seawell's striking essay, we wish to say that, though still a young woman (not a crabbed oldster—or oldstress—as some of her antagonists would fain believe, despite the youthful vigor of her sentences), the essayist is the author of a number of capital books—'Throckmorton,' a novel of post-bellum days in Virginia (July 1890); 'Little Jarvis,' a story of the heroic Midshipman of the Constellation (December 1890); 'Maid Marian, and Other Stories' (July 1891); and 'Midshipman Paulding' (Oct. 1891)—for all of which the Messrs. Appleton & Co. report a gratifyingly active demand.

The signature at the foot of the following communication will be recognized as the *nom de guerre* of a woman of fine poetic gifts. It is one of the few words that have appeared in support of Miss Seawell's position.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

While I am free to confess that I do not like Miss Seawell's paper, as lacking in both dignity and depth (no review of literary women, however cursory, can be excused, for instance, for omitting even to mention Mrs. Browning), I agree with her wholly in her general view of the subject. It is, I believe, entirely true, that no woman ever *has* written, composed or invented anything—created anything in any manner, shape or form—that bears the 'germ of immortality,' and any one who fails to concede to men supremacy most absolute and indisputable, in any and every field of purely intellectual labor, must be either wilfully blind or a 'born fool'—perhaps it amounts to the same thing! Yet I cannot help thinking that it may not be the natural gift alone, but also character, and the direct and indirect influence it exerts upon the intellectual life, that may be at fault. I do not mean by character the moral side of it; for as to purity and cleanness of soul and life I trust and believe that *we* may justly claim the palm; but the intellectual part—what might best perhaps be indicated by mental tone. Even if a woman happened to have the 'gift divine'—a spark of the

heavenly fire large enough to make her immortal—she might possibly fritter it away in small things and small thoughts.

Confined usually within the narrow home circle, with her attention constantly distracted by the necessary details of daily existence, a woman's whole life may be said to consist of small things. But we do not sufficiently impress upon our girls—and how few full-grown women realize it!—that these small things that make up their whole life, are not the whole of life; and how important it is to rise above them, into wider and nobler fields of thought and achievement. This would not necessarily bring about any neglect of the indispensable petty details of life, but by acquiring a higher intellectual tone, a more heroic mental cast, we learn to invest even the pettiest things with a certain *greatness*, that would, I cannot but believe, tell on every Heaven-sent gift as well.

STUART STERNE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It is of no use any more to make up one's mind, is it? It won't stay made. What with *The Literary World* nibbling at even Herbert Spencer, with Agnes Repplier regarding Oscar Wilde's poems as a 'best book,' what is anybody to depend on? Then here is Molly Elliot Seawell blossoming out into a lot of nice sane wholesome truths about women, and pricking their new vaingloriousness with sisterly skill! Here, thought I, is something solid. Now we shall get on. And now must come a Mr. Breeze, fluttering in from some quarter and logically overturning Miss Seawell's periods and almost putting a stop to her conclusion. There is nothing left any more but to cultivate plasticity, and be ready for the wind to set in any quarter—or in none.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I am moved by seeing Mr. Sidwell Breeze's word about the funny article 'On the Absence of the Creative Faculty in Women' to say a word in another direction. I hardly see why anyone should have taken the trouble to refute a thing of that sort. It was only foolish. One might say that it contained nothing and was written by nobody—like a great mass of the writing that finds its way into obscure journals. But I suppose that what moved Mr. Breeze was the fact that it appeared in *The Critic*—and that is what I am coming to.

Of course I saw it *because* it was in *The Critic*. And the only thing that moved my wonder was that it should be published just there. That the New York *Critic* should give the most prominent place in its Christmas Number to that sort of thing struck me as marvellous. And then I began to ask people if they had ever heard of the writer. I found one person who had. But, as a rule, readers of the better sort don't know anything about her, and only wonder at the action of *The Critic*. It is possible, of course, that you may have published something from her before, as I only pick up the paper intermittently and might easily miss it. But that would only introduce another conundrum. The truth is that it is not this obscure writer but *The Critic* that has been guilty of saying these foolish things. You wouldn't have liked to do it editorially, and no writer of reputation would have done it. But I think if you could take general stock of the impression created among your readers, you would find them all wondering 'What is the matter with *The Critic*?' Of course I am not so foolish as to suppose that anyone is going to publish my remarks. It is only intended as a little sweet communion with the editors.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

M. H. T.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I am sorry that you are giving so much prominence to an article against women, even though it be by a woman. Miss Seawell probably does not know that in the higher regions of mathematics, at least, the class *Americans* has shown far greater incapacity for production than the class *women*. Madame Kovalevsky, who has recently died (a Russian, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Stockholm), was among the greatest of the mathematicians of the present time. No book on her special subject is written now without devoting large space to her contributions. The German translation of Mansion's 'Equations Differentielles,' which has just appeared, devotes a long appendix (34 pages) to the reproduction, without abridgment, of an entire paper of hers. Such are the limitations of the *American* mind on the other hand, that an American mathematician has to be thankful if, far from having his papers reproduced, he can once find himself referred to in a footnote, and those who have reached that degree of eminence are extremely few. And this in face of the fact that a woman has to brave being considered a monster all her life, before she can begin to study mathematics (Kovalevsky had to re-invent the for-

mulae of trigonometry, in order to read a work on physics which had fallen into her hands, because her father refused to let her have any mathematical books), and that American young men are bribed by fellowships to carry their studies to the highest possible point.

The most recent dictum of the physiologists in regard to the weight of women's brains is in curious coincidence with the special penchant which clever women have shown for mathematics. The total weight of a woman's brain is less than that of a man, as might be expected from the fact that a large part of the brain performs motor functions, and that the muscular structure to be moved is larger in the man than in the woman. But the *proportion* of the brain which is found in the frontal region is distinctly greater in women than in men. The only man, of those yet examined, who presented the same large development of the front of the brain that is found in women was Gauss (Wundt's 'Physiological Psychology,' Vol. I, p. 232), and he was possibly the greatest mathematician that ever lived. It may be that women only need to have a mathematical career made attractive to them in order to make great additions to that branch of learning.

I suppose you know, by the way, that Miss Gentry, the holder of the Fellowship in Mathematics of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, has forced open the doors of the University of Berlin, and has even been promised official recognition of her work.

GÖTTINGEN, Dec. 6, 1891. CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Has Miss Seawell forgotten her Jane Austen? Where in the world of fiction can one find a more definite creation than the inimitable Miss Bates? Mr. Woodhouse, Aunt Morris and a host of others are as real to us as our intimate friends, even more distinctly differentiated and endowed with an immortal individuality. 'The admirable Jane' can single-handed refute Miss Seawell's accusation.

WATERBURY, CONN.

C. G. Du B.

To learn whether or no Miss Seawell has 'forgotten her Jane Austen,' one has only to read her article—a task which her critics have seemingly avoided, lest they might find their arguments anticipated, as this one is.

From Nantucket, Mass., a subscriber—the one who directed that henceforth her paper be addressed to Miss Seawell—writes:—'A narrow estimate of woman lowers the man.' In the first place, this is not so: his view does not alter the man's position, but merely reveals it; in the second place, Miss Seawell is not a man. From the University of Virginia at Charlottesville a lady sends this word of warning:—'You came very near losing one subscriber at least by that silly article of Miss Seawell's on Womankind, but it was concluded you were too valued a friend to give up on such a score. A distinguished authoress in this neighborhood proposes that we answer it together. Would you open the lists to a representation of the other side of the case?'

In re Morley's "English Writers"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the article anent Henry Morley's Vol. VII. (*Critic*, Jan. 2) occurs this statement:—'The fourteenth century in England was particularly the century of silent advance, of woody growth, of herbaceous and leafy fibre, in preparation, a hundred years later, for that extraordinary flowering which ran riot over Elizabethan espaliers, in Tudor gardens,' etc.

To the mind of the writer of this note the century which saw the splendor of Chaucer and the wonderful poem of 'Piers Ploughman' can hardly be characterized as a century of 'silent advance'; neither can it be said, with any degree of accuracy, that a 'hundred years later' appeared the Elizabethan age. Again, Sir Thomas Elyot, Coverdale, Erasmus, More and Berners are mentioned as typical men of the fifteenth century; but Elyot received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in either 1511 or 1518, and died in 1546; Coverdale, who lived from 1488 to 1569, was a child at the close of the 15th century and rested in obscurity until 1535, when his Bible appeared in print; Sir Thomas More was born in 1478 and admitted to the English bar in 1496, and his 'Utopia' did not appear until the second decade of the sixteenth century; Erasmus's greatest literary activity was during the first thirty-six years of the same century, and Berners's edition of Froissart was not published until 1523, to take the earliest

possible date. Again, the statement that men were 'burning and being burnt in this martyr-age' (from the context, the fifteenth century) 'of Cranmer and Latimer,' is one which a careful writer would not have made.

IOWA CITY, JAN. 4, 1892.

W. R. P.

[The whole tenor and tone of the review of Morley's Vol. VII. relate to the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, with which Vol. VII. deals. The reviewer regrets that, owing to his distance from New York, he failed to see a proof of this particular notice, or 'fourteenth century' would doubtless have been corrected; indeed, just below it, it is stated that 'the fifteenth century in England was a preparational period,' etc. Dates are cheap; anybody can command them; but those particularized by W. R. P. do not invalidate the statements or conclusions of

THE REVIEWER.]

M. de Maupassant's Insanity

M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT, when taken to the insane asylum, looked haggard and broken down. His complexion was sallow, his eyes were sunken and glassy, and he was hardly able to walk or speak. He was placed in a padded chamber, where he passed the day with alternations of terrible violence and extreme prostration. When the fits of madness came upon him it took seven men to hold him down. The manager of the asylum says that the insanity with which the distinguished author is suffering began two years ago. He holds out little hope that the patient will ever regain his reason.

The misfortune that has befallen M. de Maupassant has set interviewers after the medical profession, to inquire as to the endurance of the literary man's brain. Physicians disagree on this subject as they do on most others. Dr. Charcot was, quite naturally, one of the first to be interviewed and his opinion frankly expressed was that all men-of-letters as well as musicians were *loqués*—or, as we say in America, 'cranks,'—and he was surprised that any of them escaped the madhouse. But he added that those who had escaped so far need not flatter themselves, for their turn will come. Dr. Garnier expressed himself less concisely but in a more complimentary tone. What he said runs, in translation, as follows:—

Reasonable work is the hygiene of the brain, which, like all the organs of our body, has need of exercise. Unfortunately many writers overtax this organ and excite it to work by means of mischievous agents, such as morphine, alcohol, and tobacco. They, moreover, often turn night into day, or keep very late hours, in order that they may produce more. These conditions cause great intellectual fatigue, which may lead to disorder in the cerebral lobes. Even this is not yet madness, but it is very unhealthy nervous excitement.

It is not so much because they are authors as because they live in big cities and burn life's taper at both ends that men lose their mental grip. With us, men of business are much more likely to succumb to nervous prostration than authors. Any overstrain of the nervous forces is bound to end disastrously. It is a common thing with French authors to buoy themselves up with stimulants and let themselves down with drugs. No brain can stand being tampered with in this way. If authors would give up the excitements of the town and do their work in the quiet of the country, they would no longer be dubbed the *genus irritabile*. If they wrote in the daytime, with no other stimulant but that which light and air give to a healthy brain, they would never have to invoke the aid of black coffee or morphine. Night may be a good time for the working of the imagination, but it is a bad time for the person whose imagination is allowed to work at that time. No one can leave a page of imaginative writing and go to bed and sleep. The brain is excited and will not be calmed by merely laying one's head upon a pillow in a darkened room. Brain-work should be done in leisurely fashion, or the end will be what the French politely call a *maison de santé*. London literary men may be thankful for their fogs and the general dampness of the atmosphere: it saves them no end of mental stimulus, strain and suffering.

[G. W. S., in the *Tribune*.]

M. Guy de Maupassant's condition seems to be thought hopeless. He is violently insane. Paralysis is creeping upon him, and his doctors say that even should he live his mind is gone. He had it in him to be the first living writer of French fiction. There are those who think that he already was, and if you have regard only to two things, he certainly was. He had no living equal as a writer of French, save perhaps M. Dumas, and no equal in the structure of short stories. There is at this moment both in Eng-

land and America a widespread admiration for Mr. Kipling. He, too, has proved that he can tell a story briefly. He has a terseness of method and a power of omitting the non-essential which is far more American than English. But to compare Mr. Kipling with M. de Maupassant is to compare a clever beginner with a master. Mr. Kipling has this advantage: He may be read in Sunday-schools, and M. de Maupassant cannot. But questions of morality are one thing, questions of literature another. It is possible to judge M. de Maupassant as a writer, without asking whether his influence is ethical. He broke some of the Commandments, but he knew how to say exactly what he wanted to say, in the most lucid and finished of modern French prose. To read him is an education in style. He had observation, picturesqueness, and perception of character as well as of external things. The books which were to show him at his best were yet to be written, and now will never be written.

The Fine Arts

"Why Socialism Appeals to Artists"

MR. WALTER CRANE'S article in *The Atlantic*, 'Why Socialism Appeals to Artists,' can hardly be said to answer that question fully. Something of the old-time Bohemianism may still make artists more accessible to revolutionary ideas than other people; but why should they be, not merely willing to consider and discuss,—why should they adopt these ideas with what appears unusual fervor? Mr. Crane hints it is because the factory system is inimical to art, but we yet have to be made aware of any socialistic scheme that would do away with factory aims or methods. Intelligent socialists point out that we have already, in our factory towns, the socialistic man—a creature almost wholly of discipline and routine, who finds no scope for his individuality either in his work or in the pleasures that are provided for him by well-meaning employers. They argue, since we have the evils of socialism why should we not have all the good that it can bestow? But, whatever that good may be, it seems unlikely to include any benefit to art. The transfer of profits from proprietors to workmen would still leave uniformity, cheapness, a large and steady output, and a place among the foremost in the pursuit of fashion the principal objects to be kept in view by the latter. There would be even less room than at present, apparently, for the independent worker striving toward perfection. The majority of our successful painters may be the cheerful and prosperous cynics of whom Mr. Crane writes, but we find, here and there, a man who, in doing what he pleases, is happy enough to please others, and to keep his head above water. Would there be many more such men under the extension of the factory system contemplated by most socialists? Mr. Crane, again, refers to the social art of classic Athens and mediæval Florence. What is needed for such art is a disinterested ideal, capable of artistic expression and shared in by all classes of the people. Such an ideal is not supplied by socialism.

"A Summer in Venice"

THE RESULTS of 'A Summer in Venice,' in the shape of a series of water-colors by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, are on exhibition at the Avery Galleries. Umbrellas and gondolas, the Bridge of Sighs and St. Marc's pigeons are all there. The dome of the Salute, the twin pillars of the Piazza bob up serenely; and the fishermen with red caps and their boats with painted sails claim recognition as old acquaintances. But Mr. Smith has also found his way into that unconventional Venice, first discovered, we believe, by Mr. Whistler. He shows us 'Where the Fishermen Live,' and a bit of 'An Out-of-the-Way Canal,' with trees and rustic buildings. He takes 'A Short Cut to the Lido' and stops on the way to sketch, and makes as pretty a picture of a small 'Back Canal' as of 'A Main Thoroughfare.' The most successful of these paintings in gouache and transparent washes is 'A Quiet Canal,' with gondolas piled with fishing creels reflected in the green water. There is in it a movement of water and air, a glow of light not often obtained by the painter. A few sketches from Switzerland and France add to the attractiveness of the exhibition.

Caricatures at the Century Club

THE EXHIBITION of caricatures of celebrated paintings at the Century Club filled the art-gallery with amused crowds a few days since. The impressionists, the old Dutch masters, the Madison Square Diana and the American Art Association were the principal subjects of satire. Some genius with a fine eye for color showed his contempt for impressionism in 'An Incipient Cyclone' and 'An Impression of a Sunflower at Sunset,' done in palette scrapings. Another outdid him with landscapes modelled in plaster and painted in the usual vivid greens and violets of the school.

A caricature of Millet's 'Man with a Hoe' was made more realistic by the addition of a sliced raw potato, glued on the canvas. 'Faro Crossing the Red Sea' was symbolized by a playing-card floating on billows of blood. There were icebergs in broken glass; 'Spring Woods' of broom-twigs; and a 'Still Life' of a candle and match-box and a torn envelope, all real, with a magnifying-glass to examine them with, tied to the frame. Some of the pictures were far from bad, as pictures, though very bad as jokes; the majority were in both respects (as was doubtless intended) shining examples of how not to do it. Perhaps the best as a picture and the worst as a joke was Mr. Church's 'Afternoon Tea'—a tiger viewing the academic cap and gown of 'a very nice girl,' whom he has just devoured. There was an expression on the tiger's countenance like that which lights up the features of a *bon vivant* after a feast.

Art Notes

THE second competition for the fellowship in architecture established by the Trustees of Columbia in 1889 and awarded semi-annually, is being held in the School of Mines. There is required a design for a school of architecture. The size and shape of the ground and minute particulars were made known to the competitors when they began work, this week. The fellowship is open to graduates of the department of architecture less than thirty years old. The successful candidate is required to devote the \$1300 to foreign travel and study in accordance with plans prepared by himself and approved by President Low and Prof. Ware.

—An edition of Ruskin 'On the Nature of Gothic Architecture' is being printed by Mr. William Morris at the Kelmscott Press. Mr. Walter Crane has finished the illustrations for Mr. Morris's 'Story of the Glittering Plain.'

—Emil Bayard, one of the cleverest of French illustrators and probably the one who is best known to Americans, is dead at the age of fifty-four. M. Bayard was a painter as well as a draughtsman. His 'Une Affaire d'Honneur' (representing a duel between two Amazons), achieved remarkable popularity a few years since. For the last ten years he had been engaged in the illustration of novels of Daudet, Ohnet, Theuriet, and other masters of romance, in the pages of *L'Illustration*.

—Mme. Meissonier, says a Paris letter in the *London News*, denies that she has put obstacles in the way of an exhibition of her late husband's works or of a Meissonier Museum, to which she was willing to give her share of them—that is to say, the third of the unsold works. She alleges that the hindrance comes from her stepson, M. Charles Meissonier, and her stepdaughter, Mme. Eggly, who want the division to be made in kind. Since the children stand in the way, she insists upon a public sale by auction, and this demand will have to be complied with.

—A specially illustrated copy, on large paper, of Mr. Augustin Daly's *Life of Peg Woffington* was shown in sheets at the Grolier Club, last Thursday. The artist has sprinkled liberally over the margins little designs of rope-dancers and actresses, roses and ribbons, lockets and wigs, fans and slippers, cocked hats and rapiers. All are in water-colors. A portrait of the author is inserted in the headpiece to the essay 'By Way of Prologue.'

—The American paintings and studies of the late Thomas Hicks, N.A., are on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, prior to sale.

—Acting Secretary of the Treasury Spalding has informed Representative Castle, of Minnesota, that the law authorizes the free entry of works of art, the production of American artists living temporarily abroad, and that the Department is of opinion that when an artist has declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, and has taken preliminary steps in the matter, his works will be entitled to free entry.

The Carnegie Library at Pittsburg

THE *Tribune* records the fact that the plans for the Pittsburg Public Library have been accepted, and that contracts will be advertised for at once. The plans are those submitted by Alden & Longfellow, pupils of Richardson. Mr. Alden is a young man who went to Pittsburg originally to supervise the erection of the Courthouse there of which Richardson was the architect. His plans, selected by the Art Committee, are also those that Mr. Carnegie liked best. It was at first proposed to build the library of native stone, but Mr. Carnegie has asked that granite be used, and will bear the estimated additional expense of about \$100,000. The sum originally given by him was \$1,000,000, the city agreeing to maintain the library at a cost of not less than \$40,000 yearly. Mr. Carnegie then placed another \$1,000,000 in bonds in the hands of the Art Committee, the proceeds of \$50,000 a year to be spent for works of art and for specimens for the art-gallery and museum attached to the central building. The committee

is required to purchase each year at least six works of art of that year, in order to establish a historical and chronological collection of American painting and sculpture. The first gift received for the museum is from Prof. Marsh of New Haven, who has presented Mr. Carnegie with a specimen of the antediluvian monster, *Excelsis Brontasaurus*, or beast of thunder, found in a fossil state in Dakota. It is described as being eighty feet long and fifteen feet high, with a head eight feet long, and a weight of forty to fifty tons. The first picture has been presented by Mr. Charles S. Smith, President of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. There will be five branch libraries in connection with the principal one, the latter to cost \$850,000, while the branches will cost \$250,000.

The city of Pittsburg has granted a plot of nineteen acres at the entrance to the park given to the city by Mrs. Scheney. Upon this the buildings will be erected. The city has also given to one of Mr. Carnegie's partners, Mr. Henry Phipps, the right to erect a conservatory, at a cost of not less than \$125,000 which will be Mr. Phipps's contribution to the great gift. The conservatory will be placed within a few hundred yards of the library.

An excellent provision has been made by Mr. Carnegie for the future. When extensions of the art-galleries may be required, as they certainly will be in years to come, the committee, which is self-perpetuating, is authorized, if funds cannot be obtained for the extensions, to reduce expenditures for a number of years, in order to pay for new galleries.

Chicago's Public Library

THE DESIGNS for Chicago's new Public Library have been submitted to the Board of Directors, in compliance with the regulation requiring them to be delivered by Jan. 2, 1892, and they are now on exhibition in the Library gallery. Each set is labelled with numbers, and the names of the architects are concealed. The four firms who received \$1,000 each for contributing designs have placed their drawings among those of the other competitors. They are Jenny & Mundie of Chicago, Huehl & Schmidt of Chicago, Beaman of Chicago, and Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, the Boston firm that designed the Art Institute Building. The twelve different plans were based upon the preliminary drawings made at the order of the Buildings and Grounds Committee to serve as a basis on which the competitors were to work. For this reason, says the *Chicago Tribune*, they are somewhat similar, although broad differences of ideas are exhibited in the styles of outside finish and ornamentation.

Current Criticism

THE ANTIQUITY OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—But, after all, the newest authors are the oldest. In this new edition ['Familiar Quotations'] we have a lot of familiar sayings traced away back to Greece and Egypt. A new author by the name of Pilpay figures in this edition. He was a Brahmin, and he lived several centuries before Christ. Writing in some early dialect of Sanscrit, he deliberately, and with the most horrible heathen depravity, stole some of the best sayings of Herrick, Shakespeare, Butler, Cibber and others. He was bold enough to appropriate such modern sayings as 'What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh,' 'Possession is the strongest tenure of the law,' and so on. Hesiod, who wrote in the seventh century before Christ, was another of these antique plagiarists. Theognis, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus, Terence and many others were great suppliers of modern familiar quotations. Every time you say 'hence these tears,' 'the flower of youth,' 'I do not care one straw,' 'with presence of mind,' or any one of several other things equally familiar, you are simply quoting Terence, who died 159 years before Christ. All the way through he is as modern as Mr. Howells. Here is one of his sayings, and after it is quoted nothing more need be said: 'In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before.'—*Boston Transcript*.

Notes

MR. WILLIAM SHARP is again visiting America, for pleasure; next winter he will come as a lecturer. His 'Life, Friendships and Correspondence' of Joseph Severn, Keats's friend, will be issued late this month, and is to be a very handsome book, with many illustrations and interesting facsimiles. The novel which he has written in collaboration with Mrs. von Teuffel (Blanche-Willis Howard) is to appear in March, and will be awaited with curious interest. Of the illustrations for the former *The Bookman* says:—

The most important of these is, no doubt, the silhouette portrait of Keats, which is not only hitherto unpublished, but is unknown to all save a few Keats specialists. It was made in London in 1819, and

probably about the same time as the well-known silhouette portrait of Fanny Brawne. There will also be a vignette reproduction of a portrait of Keats, considered by Severn to be one of the best of the several likenesses he made of his friend; and, further, the familiar and pathetic drawing of Keats in his hour of mortal weakness. An engraving from a recent photograph will give those who have never visited Rome an idea of the spot where Keats and Severn lie side by side. Of Severn himself there will be an excellent autograph likeness; while the frontispiece is a finely reproduced drawing by that comparatively unknown, though very remarkable man, Seymour Kirkup. This portrait shows us Severn in the prime of his youthful beauty, which by all accounts was remarkable. It was made in Rome a few months after Keats's death. Several interesting reproductions of drawings and paintings by Severn are introduced.

—Mr. George Moore, author of 'The Mummer's Wife,' has rewritten his latest novel, 'Vain Fortune,' for Charles Scribner's Sons, who will print it in beautiful style and bind it in a cover designed by Miss Alice Morse.

—Mr. J. M. Barrie, who is regarded in England as 'the literary hero of the hour,' is in London, superintending the arrangements for the production of his new comedy, written for Mr. J. L. Toole. 'The Little Minister' which has made such a success in England, but which, strange to say, one hears little about in America, where Mr. Barrie's other books are so popular, is published in three volumes at \$7.50. The greater part of the edition was taken by Mudie's. It is said that Mr. Barrie will desert Thrums in his next book, and give us a story of theatrical life and character. There are rumors of a specially illustrated edition of 'The Window in Thrums.'

—Messrs. Longmans are about to issue a popular half-crown edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's writings. The first to appear will be 'Letters to Dead Authors,' followed in February by 'Books and Bookmen,' in March by 'Old Friends' and in April by 'Letters on Literature.'

—Macmillan & Co. will publish this month Mr. Henry Jephson's account of the 'Rise and Progress of the Political Platform.' They also announce for early publication a new volume in the Library of Philosophy entitled 'The Philosophy of Aesthetics,' by Bernard Bosanquet, A.M., author of 'Logic; or, The Morphology of Knowledge' and translator of Lotze's System of Philosophy.

—Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, 'The History of David Grieve,' will soon be issued, in London by Smith, Elder & Co., in America by Macmillan. The sales of 'Robert Elsmere' in the two countries have amounted, it is said, to 400,000 copies.

—Bret Harte's 'First Family of Tasajara' will be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; also 'The Early Renaissance and Other Essays,' by Prof. J. M. Hoppin of Yale; and in the autumn Mr. Lowell's Lowell Institute lectures on the English Dramatists. The next number of the Riverside Paper Series will be Mrs. Kirk's popular 'Walford.'

—The February *Atlantic* will contain an article by Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani on 'The Pageant at Rome in the Year 17 B. C.' giving the details of some inscriptions very recently discovered commemorating the celebration of secular games under Augustus, for which Horace wrote his famous 'Carmen Seculare.'

—President Low of Columbia has received subscriptions amounting to \$315,000 for the removal of the College to the proposed site at Bloomingdale. Three separate pledges of \$100,000 have been received, and there is a man who promises to give \$5,000 for every \$100,000 subscribed. The whole amount needed is about \$1,250,000.

—Mr. H. D. Traill's 'Lord Salisbury,' in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series, will be issued at once by Harper & Bros. Lord Lorne's book on Palmerston will be ready in a short time.

—The March number of *Harper's* will contain Mr. Howells's last 'Study,' and the succeeding number Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's first. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page will succeed Mr. Warner as editor of 'The Drawer.'

—'Reffey,' Mr. Balestier's short story of Western life, will appear in the February *Century*; and so will the second of the articles on 'The Jews in New York.'

—Miss Harriet Monroe, who is writing the ode for the World's Fair, is the daughter of a Chicago lawyer, and was educated at a Georgetown convent. She is thus described:—'Miss Monroe is of medium height and slender figure, with a clear-cut face, just a trifle too earnest in her expression. She has an abundance of soft brown hair, with eyes of dark hazel, and when she smiles her whole face is lighted up. There is strength in the delicately chiseled face, and with its intellectual stamp it is one to inspire a second look from one in a crowd.'

—Madame Wilhelmine Tourguéneff, the widow of the famous Russian author, Ivan Tourguéneff, died a short time ago at her castle, Bert-Bois, near Marly. She was buried in Père Lachaise Cemetery; her husband is buried in Russia. Of her two sons, one is a sculptor.

—Miss Hapgood writes that the fund for the relief of the starving Russian peasantry is growing apace; adding this note:—'The reviewer of Hélène Vacaresco's book has made a serious error in regard to the Crown Prince of Roumania, Mlle. V.'s lover. The Queen of Roumania had a daughter, who died in childhood. This Prince is the second son of her husband King Charles's eldest brother, adopted for lack of a direct heir. It would have made your critic's romantic point stronger to state this, and the fact that he (the Prince) had talked of resigning his future crown for Mlle. Vacaresco, which he could not do if he were the Crown Prince by birth, and "son of the Queen," as here stated—at least, not without great difficulty, and I think not at all.'

—In the notice of Tutin's useful 'Wordsworth Dictionary,' the price, through a slip of either pen or type, was given as 7s. 6d. when it should have been 4s. 6d. The book was not dear at the former price, and is 'dog cheap' at the latter.

—Dr. Lowell Mason's hundredth birthday was fittingly observed on January 8, at Medfield, Mass., the composer's native town.

—More than 200 members of the Goethe Society listened on Monday evening to Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's lecture on 'Beauty as an Element of Art and Poetry.' The meeting was held in the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick.

—Verdi's 'Falstaff' is almost completed. It is said that in his latest opera the composer has abandoned the Wagnerian method and returned to the spontaneity of Italian music and the comedy traditions of Pergolesi, Paisiello and Cimarosa without losing sight of the modern progress of his art.

—Rubinstein's 'Music and Musicians' will shortly be published. In his preface the author represents himself as conducting a visitor about his study and explaining to him its treasures. Among these are the busts of the musicians whom he venerates above all others—Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin and Glinka.

—The late John Maddison Morton left two plays behind him. They are of one act each, and were both written in 1887. One is an original comedieta entitled 'An Old Flame,' the scene of which is at Hampstead; while the other is a farce entitled 'Mrs. Wigg's Water Party,' the scene being at the river-side at Teddington. Arrangements are maturing with an American manager for their early production in London and the provinces.

—Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was ill-advised in bringing out her play, 'The Showman's Daughter,' and still more imprudent in taking the Royalty Theatre in order to bring it out,' says G. W. S. 'The piece is old-fashioned, thin and wearisome, with few of those traits which have made her books acceptable to the English public.'

—The last three in a series of five readings and lectures by Sir Edwin Arnold at Daly's Theatre will be given on Tuesday mornings Jan. 19 and 26 and Feb. 2.

—The title to the copyright of all the literary works of Champfleury has been sold at auction for 1210f. It is calculated that the buyer will earn 50 per cent. a year on his investment merely from the reprints in literary supplements of the Paris journals.

—The formation of 'Scott Clubs' has often been advocated in the land where good literature is cultivated on a little H. O., and now Glasgow has taken the lead and established one. It will aim at 'promoting the study of Sir Walter Scott's life and writings, and encouraging a more familiar acquaintance with the localities rendered classic by his pen.'

—Mr. Gilbert's secession from the Savoy Theatre has not disturbed his hold on the public,' cables G. W. S. to the *Tribune*. "'The Mountebank," produced at the Lyric Theatre, is thought one of his best compositions, if not the best of all. His humor is as quaint as ever, his dialogue as pointed, the surprises are as numerous, and his power of seeing things differently from other people is in no respect diminished. Out of a plot which seems to promise little, he has made a play which sustains its interest to the end and delights the audience. Mr. Cellier's music is very unlike Sir Arthur Sullivan's, less learned, less serious, so light as sometimes to be flimsy, but as a whole taking, and full of the tuneful animation which the text requires. The opera, as a whole, has all the needful elements of popularity, and seems likely to secure that long run which is now, whether avowed or unavowed, the aim of almost every author, composer or manager.'

—*The Bookman* (London) has been favored with the following answer to a question put to the representative of a famous syndicate:—'Speaking purely as a purveyor of fiction to American

newspapers, I have placed on the first list twelve American authors, and in the second list twelve English authors, arranged in the order of what I should consider their selling value.

Mark Twain.
Mrs. Burnett.
F. R. Stockton.
W. D. Howells.
G. W. Cable.
Margaret Deland.
E. S. Phelps.
Bret Harte.
Marion Crawford.
Julian Hawthorne.
Charles Egbert Craddock.
Amélie Rives.

Rudyard Kipling.
R. L. Stevenson.
H. R. Haggard.
A. C. Doyle.
'Q.'
W. Clark Russell.
Miss Braddon.
Ouida.
William Black.
Thomas Hardy.
'The Duchess.'
J. S. Winter.

I have not included Mary E. Wilkins and Richard Harding Davis in this American list, because neither of them has yet written long stories, and while their short stories are extremely popular, one can hardly test their value as compared with the authors of serials which contain from eight to fifteen weekly numbers. H. C. Bunner's short stories are also widely appreciated.

—Roberts Bros. publish this week 'Pastels of Men' (second series), translated by Miss Wormeley from Paul Bourget; a new edition, in modern type, of William Morris's 'Story of the Glittering Plain'; 'Wells of English,' by Isaac Bassett Choate; 'A Last Harvest,' lyrics and sonnets by Philip Bourke Marston; and George Meredith's 'Tragic Comedians.'

—Colonel Carter and 'Marse Chan' are going to Boston. That is to say, Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page will give readings there next week.

—'I feel myself largely honored by the action of your board on the occasion of my 84th birthday,' writes Mr. Whittier to the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverhill. 'Among the hundred congratulatory letters which have reached me, none have been more welcome than that which came from my native place and from the legal representatives of mine own people.'

—The Leonine Halls of the Vatican Library, erected by Leo XIII., contain 300,000 volumes added during the present Pope's reign. They are arranged on iron shelves, so as to be safe from fire.

—A letter in the Boston *Advertiser* signed 'T. W. H., Cambridge,' alluding to the Garrison-D. K. E. controversy, says:—'I have no hesitation in asserting that the average standard of morality among the students is higher to-day—and the standard of gentlemanly conduct incomparably higher—than that which prevailed when the College was one-sixth of its present size.'

—'Francis Bacon and his Secret Society,' by Mrs. Henry Pott of London, author of 'Bacon's Promus,' will be issued simultaneously in Chicago and London, Sampson Low, Marston & Co. being the English publishers, and the American F. J. Schulte & Co.

—Prof. David Masson is preparing for publication his 'Recollections of Three Cities.' These articles were originally contributed to *Macmillan's*, and are as vivid and vigorous as anything he has written. They include sketches of Dr. Melvin and Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen, and Chalmers, De Quincey and Samuel Brown of Edinburgh, besides many of the author's associates in London.

—Damage estimated at \$300,000 resulted from a fire which broke out in the Missouri State University on Jan. 9, and destroyed the whole main building. The Library, containing 40,000 volumes and many paintings, was a complete loss.

—The handy little encyclopædia of Japan entitled 'Things Japanese,' by Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain of the Imperial University of Tokio, has just been issued in a second edition, revised and somewhat enlarged. We note that Miss Alice Bacon's 'Japanese Girls and Women' is given the place of honor on the special subject of which it treats, and is counted third in value in the list of books on Japan.

—A project to establish small libraries in each police station-house in New York reveals the fact that three very fair ones have existed for years. They are in the Old Slip, Mercer Street and Charles Street Station-Houses.

—Prof. Tyndall's 'New Fragments' has just been passed for press. Among the contents are chapters on 'The Sabbath,' 'Goethe's "Farbenlehre,"' 'Atoms, Molecules and Ether Waves,' 'Count Rumford,' 'Louis Pasteur: His Life and Labors,' 'The Rainbow and its Congeners,' 'Life in the Alps,' 'Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle,' 'The Origin, Propagation and Prevention of Phthisis,' etc.

—The recent death of Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, at Wimbledon, ended a long and painful illness. Mr. Adams, born in 1828, began life as a journalist in the Isle of Wight, of which he wrote a

standard guide-book. For a long time he was literary adviser and editor for Messrs. Nelson & Son of Edinburgh. Among his works were an annotated edition of Shakespeare (the 'Howard') and a Shakespeare Phrase Concordance, both of which have had wide circulation; admirable translations of Michelet's 'Sea,' 'Bird' and 'Insect'; adaptations of works by Louis Figuier and Arthur Mangin; 'The White King,' 'The Merry Monarch,' 'Good Queen Anne,' 'England at War,' 'England on the Sea,' 'English Parties and Party Leaders,' 'The Healing Art,' etc.; and popular books for young people 'The Secret of Success,' 'Plain Living and High Thinking,' 'Woman's Work and Worth,' etc. Mr. Adams projected and edited 'The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humor' and 'The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen.' One who knew him writes to *The Publishers' Circular*:—'He rarely made a correction in, and never copied his book MS. His minute handwriting caused the printers' errors laid to his charge. Many specialists were astonished at his wide reading, remarking that he met and vanquished them on their own ground.'

—The Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* is not unskilled in the art of turning graceful compliments, as witness this, from its issue of Dec. 7:—

The 'holiday number' of *The Critic* is more remarkable for its increased number of pages and larger space devoted to reviews and 'notices' of holiday publications than for any marked improvement in the quality of its criticisms or interest in its special articles on literary topics. The explanation of this latter fact is easy. The quality has been so good all along that it would be difficult to show a marked improvement in a single number. When, somewhere between ten and a dozen years ago, *The Critic* was launched on the sea of periodical literature, its speedy demise was freely predicted, on the ground that there was no public for 'an American *Athenæum*.' The gloomy prediction was not realized. If there was no public for 'an American *Athenæum*' there has evidently been a large and appreciative one for *The Critic*, which was never a slavish imitator of its English prototype and in some important respects differs widely from it, to the advantage of the American weekly.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1647.—What is the story, the explanation of James Tissot's picture entitled 'Apparition'?

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

K. W.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Bishop, Mrs. (I. L. Bird). Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan. 2 vols. \$6.50.
Brette, J. de la. Mon Oncle et Mon Curé. 60c.
Brimmer, M. Egypt. \$5.
Burns, R. Selected Poems. Ed. by A. Lang. 2s.
Cheap-Money Experiments.
Clutterbuck, W. J. Ceylon and Borneo. 2s.
Eardley-Wilmot, S. Development of Navies. \$1.75.
Fife-Cookson, J. C. A Dream of Other Days. \$1.
Fiske, J. Doctrine of Evolution. 10c.
Hall, J., and Henchle, E. J. Moffatt's Civil Service Tots. 1s.
Hart, A. B. Epoch Maps. 50.
Henry, W. W. Patrick Henry. Life, Correspondence and Speeches. Vol. II. \$4.
Hopkins, G. I. Plane Geometry. 75c.
Howland, O. A. The New Empire. \$2.50.
Hymns New and Old. Ed. by D. E. Townner, etc. 10c.
Kirkman, M. M. Railway Rates and Government Control. \$2.50.
Laidlaw, A. H. Purgatory.
Lee, K. (Mr. H. Jenner). Love or Money?
McMaster, J. B. History of the People of the United States. Vol. III.
Miller, A. J. Physical Beauty.
Montagu, Lady M. W. Select Passages from Her Letters. \$2.50.
Mooney, J. A. Columbus.
Norman, H. The Real Japan. \$3.
Pearl, F. M. The Baroness. 50c.
Pott, Mr. H. Francis Bacon and His Secret Society. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
Robida, A. Ten Centuries of Toilette. Trans. by Mrs. C. Hoey. \$2.50.
Russell, W. C. Mrs. Dines's Jewels. 50c.
Savage-Armstrong, G. F. One in the Infinite. \$2.50.
Shakespeare's Works. Ed. by W. A. Wright. Vol. V. \$3.
Sixtus. Progressive Protestantism. 25c.
Souvenir. The Play and the Player.
Vere, S. de. The French Verb.
Vickers, R. H. Martyrdoms of Literature.
Yeughusband, F. Story of the Exodus. \$1.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
W. R. Jenkins.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
2s. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
The Century Co.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
D. Appleton & Co.
London: Moffatt & Paige.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Vol. II. \$4.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Baker & Taylor Co.
F. H. Revell Co.
Rand, McNally & Co.
Dickson & Laidlaw.
D. Appleton & Co.
Vol. III.
D. Appleton & Co.
Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Ed. by A. R. Ropes.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Cath. Pub. Society Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Harper & Bros.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Harper & Bros.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Macmillan & Co.
C. L. Webster & Co.
Privately Printed.
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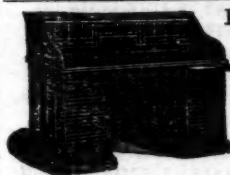
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